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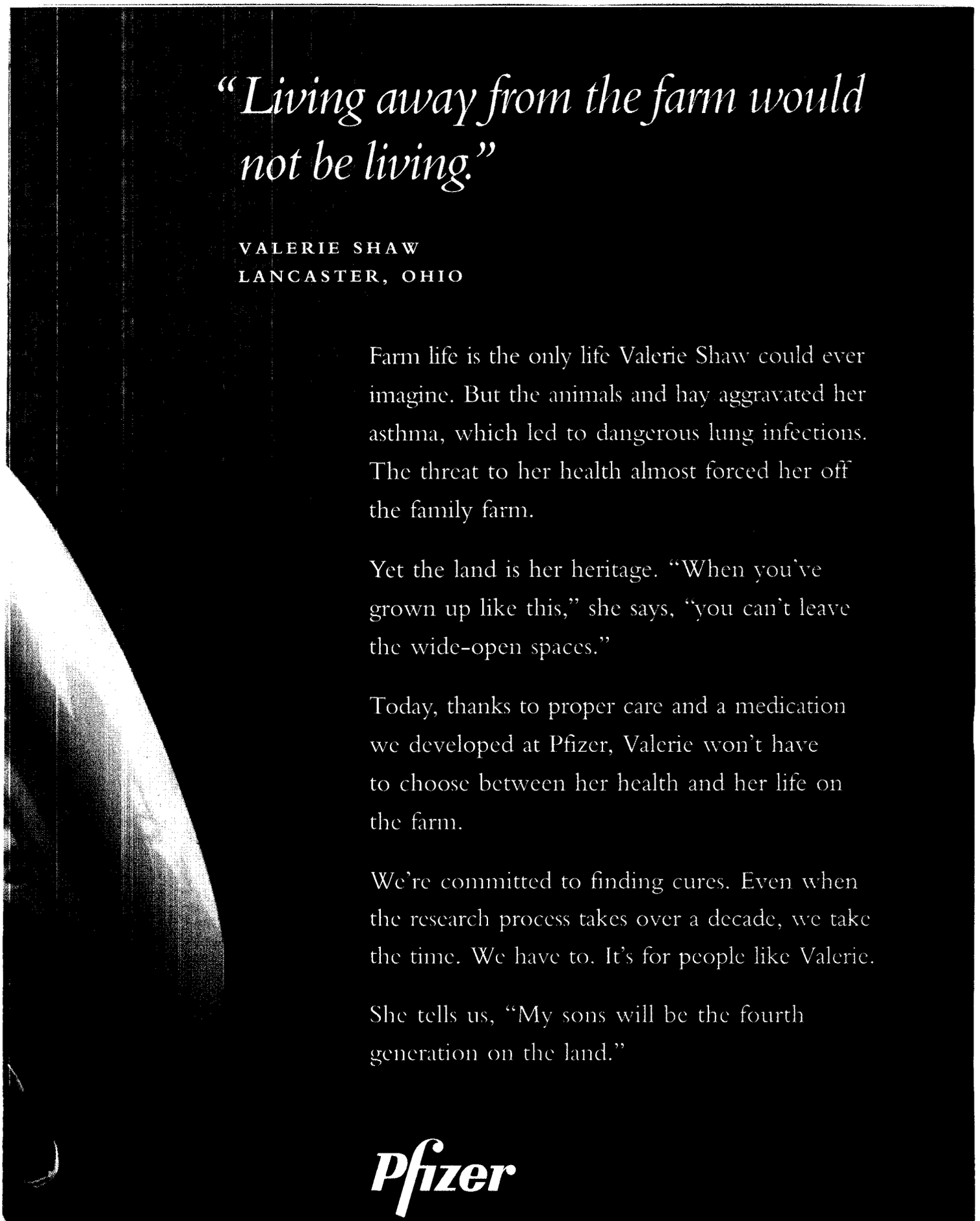

"Living away from the farm would not be living."

VALERIE SHAW
LANCASTER, OHIO

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FROM WASHINGTON

Poll position

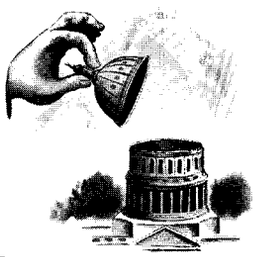
Before Democrats get too complacent about Republican bloodletting, they should look at Stan Greenberg's report on white working-class voters. Greenberg, Bill Clinton's pollster in 1992, has actually done his best work explaining why Democrats lose elections. In 1984, he revealed the racial calculus that underlay the Democrats' defeat, showing how blue-collar voters in Macomb County, Michigan, had come to identify Democratic promises of fairness with favoritism toward blacks. Greenberg's latest study, commissioned by the AFL-CIO, reveals how the voters who once made up the core of the Democrats' New Deal coalition have rejected the party's emphasis on collective, governmental solutions.

As Ruy Teixeira and Joel Rogers demonstrated in an article in last fall's *American Prospect*, white non-college-educated workers, who suffered sharp wage declines over the last decade, deserted the Democrats in droves in 1994, with Democratic support declining 20 percent among men and 10 percent among women. In current polls among under-50, married white non-college-educated workers, Republicans enjoy a 23 percent edge among men and a 15 percent advantage among women.

When Greenberg ran focus groups among these voters last fall, he discovered that their hostility to Democrats was rooted in how they perceived their economic situation. When he asked them to rank their own standard of living on a scale of 0 to 10, the men ranked themselves at 5.5 and the women at 5.8. Then he asked them where they thought they would be in five years. The men thought 6.7 and the women 7.3. By contrast, they thought that the "average American" was now at 4.7 and in five years would be only at 5.0. In short, they viewed their own situation as better than that of the average American and as likely to improve.

They didn't think their wages would rise, nor that politicians, government or unions would come to their aid. Instead, they rested their hopes on second jobs, overtime, getting training for a new job or starting a small business of their own. They saw their success depending entirely on themselves and their families. It's American individualism, but with an unusual twist.

Individualism here has always been shaped by "millennial" hopes about America as a promised land. An American worker of the 1950s would never have distinguished his fate from that of the "average American." Americans believed that they could achieve a rising standard of living not just by dint of their own labors, but because they were citizens of a new Eden where everyone was destined to prosper. The current individualism is post-millennial and deeply pessimistic about the nation's future. The workers Greenberg interviewed believed they would succeed in spite of where their fellow workers and the country were headed. They defined success itself merely as a "stable" and "secure" retirement without debt rather than as "prosperity."



These working-class voters thought the biggest threat to their success came from government spending and taxes. The next greatest threat, ironically, was the dismemberment of Social Security and Medicare, programs they saw as essential to their secure retirement. Few of these voters regarded business or corporate managers as the enemy. They saw society divided in classic Jacksonian terms between virtuous, responsible producers, who included business owners as well as workers, and unproductive parasites, who included illegal immigrants, welfare recipients and government bureaucrats. Although Greenberg failed to note the connection, this division of society into productive and unproductive classes reinforces the racial perceptions that he uncovered in his studies of Macomb. Many downscale white workers think minorities make up most of the irresponsible, freeloading class.

This kind of individualism is profoundly inhospitable to Democratic politics. The great rift in twentieth-century American politics has been between a Democratic liberalism (or Republican progressivism) that has emphasized collective restraints on, and modification of, the market, and a bedrock Republican conservatism that has placed its faith entirely in the market's invisible hand. The workers Greenberg surveyed retain a commitment to earlier achievements of progressivism but have moved dramatically away from collective and institutional approaches. They see the Democrats as a party of "handouts."

This philosophical shift prepared the way for the Republican resurgence that began two decades ago and climaxed in the 1994 elections. When Greenberg played current campaign speeches for the focus groups, he found a "strong initial response" to Steve Forbes's anti-tax message, Phil Gramm's promise to cut spending and taxes and Pat Buchanan's promise to bring American jobs home. He also found strong support for measures aimed at curbing illegal immigration and reducing welfare spending.

But it would be a mistake to conclude from Greenberg's study that the Republicans are assured of victory in 1996 and beyond. The voters Greenberg studied are turned off by Chamber of Commerce Republicanism. Greenberg reports, "Dole gets no response whatsoever to returning power to the states, for the Tenth Amendment or, importantly, for achieving a balanced budget in seven years." These voters were also alarmed by Republican efforts to slow the growth of Medicare spending, privatize Social Security and allow corporations to divert money from workers' pension funds. Such proposals have opened the door for Clinton and the House Democrats to win back these key voters in 1996 by defending the governmental status quo. That's what Clinton's State of the Union was about.

Post-millennial individualism may also turn out to be fleeting faith, founded on an illusion about personal exception. In fact, the workers Greenberg queried enjoyed incomes *lower* than those of the "average American," and if their fate in the next decade resembles that in the last, their situation will continue to deteriorate. Indeed, these workers may come to resemble the Midwestern farmers of the 1920s who were among the first to experience the coming Depression but who nonetheless cast their lot with Coolidge and Hoover. Faced with continued adversity, they finally abandoned Republican individualism. But this time, of course, they may not. America is not teetering on the edge of a depression. Racial divisions may keep many white workers from supporting Democrats. In sum, Greenberg's findings don't guarantee a Republican realignment, but they do show the immense obstacles that Democrats now face. For the time being, Democrats can win elections only in spite of themselves.

JOHN B. JUDIS

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

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CORRESPONDENCE

Up country

To the editors:

You Beltway boys ever wonder what we fuzzy thinkers on the unstable margin of the continent do while you are minding the store? Besides churning computer chips and bragging about the weather (or lack thereof), that is. Bruce Feiler's nice story on country music ("Gone Country," February 5) reminds me that a goodly number of folks here in Silicon Valley dance the Achy-Breaky and ponder related happenings. One such was advertised recently in *The San Jose Mercury News*: "LOCAL COUNTRY MUSIC CELEBRITY SHEDS 52 POUNDS WITH HYPNOSIS."

Of the Hank Williams era and partial to string-band music of the '20s and '30s, I don't much fancy today's country. It beats rap and talk-trash radio and TV, though.

RICHARD PIKE
Atherton, California

To the editors:

I was pleasantly surprised to read in Bruce Feiler's "Gone Country" nothing about the quality (or anything else) of the music. If "the true appeal of country music is in the content of [its] stories," then the music has no appeal at all. Mozart and Bach have survived for two centuries because they move the soul. At the brink of the twenty-third century, will people revel in the melodies, the harmony, the counterpoint, the soul-stirring trans-lyrical ecstasy of Garth Brooks's music? I don't think so.

ANDREW G. DULANEY
San Francisco, California

To the editors:

Yup, country music is BIG. Amazing that it took TNR a quarter century or so to discover this megafact. What is even more amazing is your depiction of a Japanese guitar (Yamaha) as the archetypal Country Guitar. Have your writers never heard of C.F. Martin? Gibson? Taylor? Fender? The hundreds of unsung but talented luthiers making world-class guitars around our nation? Shame on you; America invented the guitar, and you credit the Far East.

HUNTER HEATH
Salt Lake City, Utah

To the editors:

Your recent cover article's nod to country western music, like every other piece, failed to even consider the segment of this society of which I am a member. Baby-boomers are to blame for the regrettable dominance of country western music. Those of us who are too young to be boomers and too old to be the boomers' children can only cringe at yet more media glorification and pontification over anything having to do with them. Pity us for not having their buying power because it means we have no voice.

I turn 30 this year, and the music of my generation, at least of those of us who lived by a big and hip enough market to hear so-called New Wave, can now be heard on only a handful of stations around the country during '80s "resurrection weekends." In contrast, you can hardly find a market that doesn't have at least one station playing baby-boomer music twenty-four hours a day. That horror called VH-1 continually pokes fun at the one-hit wonders of the '80s as if there isn't plenty of cheesy worthless music from each decade.

LYNNE ANDRUS WRIGHT
Killeen, Texas

PAC men

To the editors:

Which of the following problems are outgrowths of the last round of campaign finance reform: (a) The explosive growth of PACs; (b) the increase in rich candidates for federal office; (c) the increased time that non-rich candidates spend raising money; or (d) the shortage of innovative candidates?

"All of the above" is the correct answer. And the reforms before Congress that Michael Lind ("Me and Mrs. Smith," February 5) wrote fondly of would make matters worse yet.

If it were not a crime, rich people might back innovative candidates rather than staying out of politics or running for office themselves. Rich donors brought us John Kennedy's campaign for president, as well as those of Gene McCarthy and George McGovern. If entrepreneurs had to raise venture capital $1,000 at a time, how many would succeed at launching creative new businesses? Few, and those who did would complain that they had to spend most of their time raising money.

If you want bland candidates, force them to gain the support of hundreds of donors before they can start. That's sure to push their views toward the safe middle. Rich people don't have to moderate their views for donors, which helps explain why many of today's most innovative candidates are self-funded wealthy people.

The solution to this mess is simple. We should not further regulate political activity, and we should repeal the existing laws that make it a crime for people to voluntarily give more than $1,000 to a federal campaign. The First Amendment should do more than protect wackos saying obnoxious things or creating irreverent art. It should apply to citizens who want to fund political campaigns to change the country.

ERIC O'KEEFE
Spring Green, Wisconsin

Read a book

To the editors:

I recommend that Michael Ignatieff ("Alienated Labor," February 5) take a look at Chris Sciabarra's *Marx, Hayek, and Utopia*, which makes plain that theory in the grand style is still alive and well in the work of Hayek, offering a full and rich causal account of capitalism and history to rival any speculations of Marx. And clearly Hayek is working in the Carl Menger tradition, which essentially invented the distinction between the universality of social theory and the particularity of history, the distinction Ignatieff appeals to throughout his little essay.

GREG RANSOM
Riverside, California

Welsh rights

To the editors:

Andrew Sullivan's perceptive analysis of Britain's identity crisis ("The Europeans," February 12) reminded me of Maynard Keynes's reply to a reporter who asked, as he stepped off the plane from Washington, if Britain was about to become the forty-ninth state: "No such luck." I'm beginning to think Keynes wasn't kidding.

Two points in Sullivan's argument, though, puzzle me somewhat. First, his solution for European linkage prescribes a rationalist separation of the ends (national policies) from the means (rights of the citizen). But ends and means are bound to interact in politics.

And an inveterate hedgehog like Margaret Thatcher would never have been able to apply the kind of fox-like interactive strategies that are needed to link Britain sensibly with Europe, even if she'd wanted to. One has only to look at the mindless determinism with which her government has pursued the dogmas of privatization and the free market to see how one-eyed was her vision, and how dire its effects.

Indeed, Sullivan lets the lady off much too lightly. In the health service, in higher education, even in the BBC, the creation of internal markets has led

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to depressed morale, wasted resources and fresh layers of bureaucracy. The irony is that any current economic improvement in Britain's fortunes results from the adoption by John Major of devaluative policies forced upon him by the currency traders—policies that are the very opposite of those he inherited from Thatcher. It would be difficult for Tony Blair not to do better, even in dealing with those perfidious Europeans.

MAURICE HOLT
Denver, Colorado

To the editors:

I would take issue with Andrew Sullivan's comment in his review of Margaret Thatcher when he states, "But in the British debates about such devolution, Thatcher is among the most dogged integrationists."

Integration, in Margaret Thatcher's definition, was for the Scots, Irish and Welsh to all become English, much as her family had (Roberts is a Welsh surname, not English). When a Scottish Tory backbencher once voiced his support for a Scottish parliament, Thatcher's retort was, "I'm an English nationalist, and don't you forget it!" This response embodied the typical obsolete nationalism of any multinational state: the major nationality subsumes the minorities. To be a Soviet meant to be a Russian. To be French leaves no room to be a Breton or a Basque or an Alsatian. And to be British means only to be English.

Under Thatcher and Major, the last four Secretaries of State for Wales have been Englishmen with no links at all to Wales. One of them came from the midlands near the border and said on a clear day he could actually see Wales from his house, so he was qualified. John Redwood spent all of seven nights in Wales during his tenure. The current Secretary of State for Wales is from Yorkshire. When the Plaid Cymru [National Party of Wales] MPs complained, Mrs. Thatcher and Mr. Major talked down to them as if they were little children with no understanding of "the real world."

There is no all-Wales or all-Scotland forum where Welshmen or Scotsmen can go to solve Welsh or Scottish problems. It has always been amazing to me that so many Republicans, the champions of devolution in this country, have been so in awe of a woman who dissolved the Greater London Council, leaving London the largest city in the world with no local elected government, and who adamantly refused any devolved powers to her Celtic subjects.

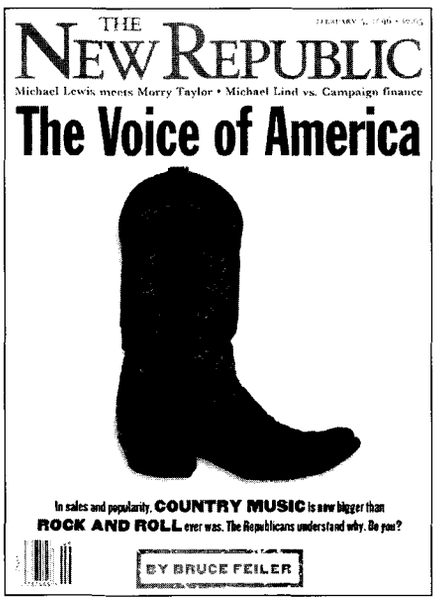
This is strongly reflective of the English arrogance throughout history personified in Margaret Thatcher. Just like the Baltic nations of Estonia, Lithuania and Latvia, as well as Slovakia and Slovenia, it is time for the Scots and the Welsh to take their seats among the family of nations and quit relying on an arrogant, know-it-all big brother.

ROBERT ROSER
Washington representative,
Plaid Cymru North America
Support Group
Washington, D.C.

Give me the tools

To the editors:

David Rieff raises a number of difficult moral questions in "An Age of Genocide" (January 29), one of which is the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Michael Lewis meets Morry Taylor • Michael Lind vs. Campaign finance
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In sales and popularity, COUNTRY MUSIC is now bigger than ROCK AND ROLL ever was. The Republicans understand why. Do you?
BY BRUCE FEILER

issue of numbers. Rieff tells us, "If we are discussing scale, then it is important to remember that on purely numerical grounds the famine that Stalin visited on the Ukraine was responsible for more deaths than the death camps or the Einsatzgruppen."

There is another example he could have chosen: the Mao-made famine of 1959-61. This catastrophe took place because Mao ordered all Chinese to melt their tools in backyard furnaces in order to achieve industrialization by making steel. During the famine, China continued to export grain. Between 20 and 60 million people starved to death. Vaclav Smil (*Scientific American*, December 1985) described it as possibly the most destructive famine in all human history.

Any discussion of genocide should refer to this famine. It is amazing that the story is not well known. One still encounters people, both in America and China (in China, they are always young) who say, "Mao may have been a monster, but at least he ended hunger." Why does this misinformation persist? No single human being ever caused more people to die of hunger than Mao did.

GEORGE JOCHNOWITZ
Staten Island, New York

To the editors:

David Rieff's extensive review essay "An Age of Genocide" is informative, insightful and frightening. The nation-state system that has brought us genocide in the recent past seems, if our eyes do not deceive us, to be no nearer to reforming itself today. The system, and the world outlook behind it, is still in place and genocide continues.

I would like to point out, however, a small, but important, error in Rieff's essay. Recent scholarship, particularly that of Vahakn Dadrian using Turkish war crimes trials materials, shows conclusively that the Turks did try to kill all Armenians everywhere within their reach, and not just those in northeastern Anatolia. The expulsions and death marches took place all over Anatolia, as far west as the Mediterranean. Furthermore, while expulsions did not take place in Constantinople, in the presence of foreign businessmen and diplomats, massacres were carried out sporadically in the Armenian quarters, and more than 600 Armenian civic and cultural leaders, including clergy and members of parliament, were arrested and executed.

The case of Smyrna is more egregious. While the German generals in charge of the Ottoman armies on the Mediterranean did not allow massacres and expulsions in Smyrna during 1915-16, so as not to hinder the Turkish war effort, the Armenians of Smyrna were not so fortunate after the war. Their turn was to come in 1922. The burning of the Armenian quarter of Smyrna, and the death of tens of thousands of Armenians, took place within sight of American warships in the harbor. This continuation of the Armenian genocide by the Turkish nationalists is carefully documented in Marjorie Housepian Dobkin's book, *Smyrna 1922: The Destruction of a City* (1988).

The tragedy of the Armenian genocide is compounded by the crime against memory and the unrequited mourning by survivors occasioned by continued Turkish denial against all evidence, including the records of the war crimes trials held by a repentant Turkish government after the war. Those who practice genocide, wherever and whoever they might be, must be held accountable.

DENNIS R. PAPAZIAN
Troy, Michigan

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

MARCH 4, 1996

SLICK LAMAR

Lamar Alexander, according to some reports, is the White House's idea of a really strong GOP contender—and that was even before his impressive showing in the Iowa caucus. How come? Well, he's a former Southern governor running (misleadingly) as a political outsider. He's garnered praise for luring new jobs to his state and buffing up its historically sub-par school system. He's an affable and energetic baby-boomer. There's more. While nestled within his state's small, inbred politico-business elite, he got together with some friends, made some questionable investments.... Sound familiar?

When he was elected governor of Tennessee in 1978, Alexander reported his net worth as $151,000. But by 1991, after two terms in the statehouse and stints as president of the University of Tennessee and Education Secretary during the Bush administration—he spent only eighteen months out of public office between positions—Alexander's personal wealth had ballooned to between $1.5 and $3 million. Of course, it's not a crime to make money while in office—provided, that is, that there's no conflict of interest.

Alexander's lucrative ventures leave that an open question. In 1981, during his first term as governor, Alexander joined with future law partners Howard Baker (then a Republican senator) and Don Stansberry, along with four prominent state businessmen, to purchase *The Knoxville Journal.* Instead of buying the entire paper, however, Alexander's group sold 94.8 percent of it to the Gannett Co. with the remaining 5.2 percent to be split among Alexander's partners. For their part in arranging the deal, Alexander's group got to swap *Journal* stock for the more valuable Gannett stock. After paying only a dollar for stock options, Alexander cashed in his Gannett stock in 1987 for $620,000. How did Lamar luck into such a good deal? He hasn't really explained. As Charles Lewis of the Center for Public Integrity told *The New York Times,* "He never fully described why he was given that option and from whom."

While Hillary Clinton dabbled in cattle futures, Lamar's wife, Leslee "Honey" Alexander, invested in "prison futures." In 1984, she sunk $8,900 in the Corrections Corporation of America (CCA), a company founded by family friend and former state Republican Chairman Tom Beasley. Although he had promised not to bid on contracts in Tennessee, Beasley proposed a $250 million deal to privatize the state's prisons, a scheme which later earned Governor Alexander's endorsement. In order to avoid a conflict of interest, Honey traded her CCA stock to Massey-Burch, a venture-capital firm run by another Alexander crony, Jack Massey. When she sold her shares five years later, Honey reaped a $130,000 profit.

After leaving the governor's office, Alexander served as a consultant to Whittle Communications Inc., which was then planning a chain of for-profit schools. As compensation, Alexander was awarded the option to purchase $10,000 of firm stock. After taking the helm of the University of Tennessee, Alexander transferred the stock to his wife. The arrangement required Mrs. Alexander to write her own $10,000 check—here's where things get murky—because Chris Whittle, the company's head, hadn't cashed Mr. Alexander's original one. But Mrs. Alexander's check wasn't deposited either, until Whittle sold 50 percent of the company to Time-Warner. Whittle, it was widely reported, hoped the federal government would enact a system of vouchers that could be used for private schools, helping to make his product a viable alternative for middle-income parents. When Alexander became Secretary of Education he pushed just such a voucher plan.

And, of course, there's a shady law firm in the picture. In early 1993, Baker, Worthington, Crossley & Stansberry hired Alexander just as he was revving up his candidacy for president. How did he find time to file patents and argue briefs while on the stump? Often, he didn't. $990,000 of his salary was for part-time legal work done while he was campaigning. A former partner at the firm told *The Wall Street Journal,* "I think it's clearly an investment in case he becomes president."

All of this may not be illegal or even particularly unethical. Perhaps it's just politics as usual. But it's exactly the kind of politics as usual, in which businessmen help politicians get rich, and vice-versa, that Lamar's "cut their pay and send 'em home" populism rails against. If Lamar wants us to believe that his "outsider" status rests on anything more than the latest focus group, he needs to stop dissembling and explain these get-rich-quick deals forthrightly. That, at least, would distinguish him from the easygoing ex-Southern governor who currently occupies the White House. •

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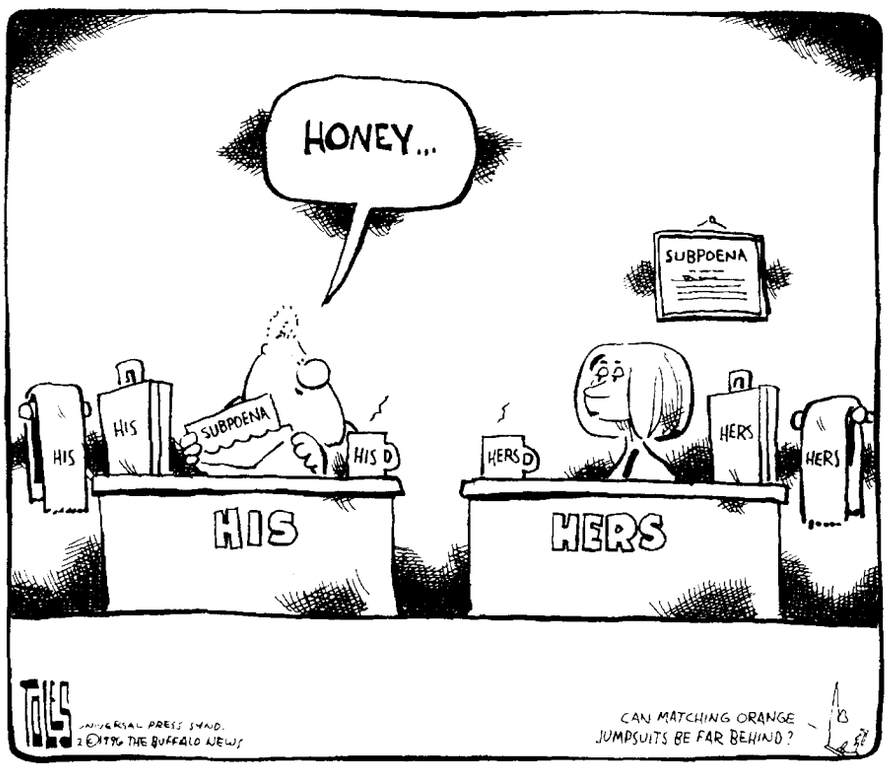
NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: When Random House demanded she return a $1.3 million advance because her manuscript was unreadable, Joan Collins said she had already spent the money, explaining "a million dollars sounds like a lot, but it actually isn't." ... On a visit to Iran, Louis Farrakhan praised the country for holding an election every year since its Islamic revolution, saying, "This is a theocracy, but it is also a democracy." ... After indicting a postal worker on charges of stealing more than $800,000 from his agency, federal agents found letters he had written to God before his arrest: "I continue to petition you to conceal this matter." ... Eighty-one-year-old Pompano Beach, Florida, resident Izzie Rotterman fended off a mugger by beating the assailant with an onion, which he later sliced and put into a restaurant salad.... *The National Review* endorsed Phil Gramm for president.... Researchers investigating the taxonomy of children's television characters reported to a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science that Barney's bone structure barely resembles any known dinosaur skeleton and may, in fact, resemble a humanoid's.... American Airlines has published *A Taste of Something Special*, a cookbook of recipes for in-flight meals.... Presidential candidate Patrick Buchanan promised a Washington gun lobbyist, "When I get to that White House, I'm gonna take that medallion you gave me, the patron saint of handgunners, Gabriel Possenti, and I'm gonna hang that in the Oval Office—right along with Robert E. Lee's pistol!"



BLOWN AWAY: The consensus in the wake of the IRA's recent bombing in London is that both sides bear some responsibility for the atrocity, since both the British and Sinn Fein have been somewhat intransigent in the last few months. This was the gist of President Clinton's remarks in the aftermath of the explosion, as he pledged continued support for the peace process. But the truth is, of course, that the British government did not blow up the building; the IRA blew it up, when it became dissatisfied with negotiations with London. This should have come as no surprise: violence as a political weapon is a well-practiced tactic—actually, *the* well-practiced tactic—of the Republican terrorists. Their spokesman, Mr. Clinton's favorite, Gerry Adams, now has even more blood on his hands. It is also hard to say why the British position in the talks with the IRA was deemed so unreasonable. John Major merely called the IRA's bluff, demanding that it prove its genuine commitment to a nonviolent solution of the Irish problem, by giving up its arms. But the IRA adamantly refused to do so. And it's not hard to see why. There is no way that Sinn Fein, with minuscule electoral support in Ulster, could ever incorporate Northern Ireland into the Republic except by armed force, or a capitulation by London. Clearly, the seventeen-month cease-fire was constructed to see whether the latter was a possibility. It isn't, so the IRA returned to violence. This is the underlying reality of the situation in Northern Ireland. It isn't pretty; in fact, it's tragic. But more good will come from recognizing the true enemy of peace in Ulster—the IRA—than from continuing in the delusion that its adherents can play anything but a destructive role in the future of the British isles. And that recognition should start in the White House.

CHRISTOPHER'S FREQUENT FLYERS: With the Irish peace process in collapse and Dayton looking increasingly wobbly, the burnish on the Clinton administration's foreign policy is suddenly looking dimmer. Meanwhile, of course, the biggest challenge to the U.S.—and to world peace—comes from China, most recently from its belligerent threats toward Taiwan. In this matter, as on the issue of human rights, Warren Christopher has chosen not to react to the aggressors in Beijing; he is, apparently, uninterested in China. As

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Thomas Friedman pointed out in a recent *New York Times* column, Christopher has visited China only once since he returned to office in 1993. Where has he been all this time? Damascus, that's where he's been, visiting with Hafez al-Assad. In fact, he's been to Damascus seventeen times. Why the frequent flyer miles? He played absolutely no role in the two-year-long Oslo process between Israel and the Palestinians. (Nor, for that matter, did any other American official.) For reasons of their own, the Israelis were willing to pretend that the president was central to their agreements. Now, though, Christopher is keenly involved. He's apoplectic that Shimon Peres has decided to move up Knesset elections from November to May. A political campaign, after all, is not the ideal environment for an Israeli government to be considering all kinds of risky accommodations to Syria, least of all under duress from the U.S. And Christopher was schooled in the diplomacy of the Middle East by Jimmy Carter, who thought Assad the most reasonable of men; he is now pressing Israel to satisfy this reasonable man. But there are limits to what Israel will do to entice Damascus into a paper agreement. So Christopher is now dangling American enticements—dollars, actually—before the dictator as compensation for what is left of Israel's hardheadedness. When the Secretary last departed Damascus he left behind one State Department staffer, Toni Verstandig, and what she discussed with her hosts was U.S. aid to Syria. Is it conceivable that the Congress would countenance such blandishments to this brutal regime?

ECONOMISTS ARE SAYING 1996 MAY SEE A RECESSION, AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.
RE-HIRING ALL THOSE PEOPLE LAID OFF DURING THE RECOVERY?
TOLES
SHAREHOLDERS HAVING TO SETTLE FOR 20%

HYDE.NUTS@GOP: Last week's passage of the mammoth telecommunications legislation provoked hefty, wonkish and—we suspect—unread news analyses in the major papers. But if anything can unglaze the public's eyes, it is the bill's effect on, of all things, abortion. It seems that a little-reported provision amends the semi-obscure Comstock Act—which is often invoked in schoolbook censorship cases—to prohibit transmission of some abortion-related material over the Internet. The clause was the handiwork of abortion-obsessive Henry Hyde, who claims that the language prevents only the "selling, procuring, or facilitating the sale of drugs, medicines, or other devices intended for use in producing abortions" through the Net. But cyberjunkies understand the folly of regulating the content of information sent over the Internet—information which has no calculable destination or point of origin. America Online learned this lesson last year when, in an attempt to ban the word "breast" from its service, it decimated the discussions of an online breast cancer support group. We await further absurdity.

DON'T ASK: After signing a military appropriations bill requiring the discharge of soldiers with HIV, President Clinton this week decided that the provision is unconstitutional and directed the Justice Department not to defend it in Court. "We advised the president that this provision which discriminates against a group of healthy and productive members of the armed services would be constitutional only if it serves a legitimate governmental purpose," said Assistant Attorney General Walter Dellinger. "After consulting with Secretary Perry and the Joint Chiefs, the president concluded that the provision does not serve any valid military or other purpose." As a matter of principle, the president is entitled to refuse to defend part of a bill on constitutional grounds, as President Roosevelt did when he singled out a provision of a defense appropriations bill that would have blocked the pay of a few controversial federal officials. But there is something rather ironic about the administration's new position that the HIV exclusion is irrational, and serves no legitimate governmental purpose. Under this robust test of rationality, the "don't ask don't tell" policy, which the administration has chosen to defend in court, would also be irrational and unconstitutional. Rather than manipulating constitutional tests for political purposes, we wish the president had found the courage to veto this noxious defense authorization bill in the first place. •

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ON THE HILL

MR. BURNS

By Michael Crowley

The snickering began as soon as the shock from the 1994 election wore off. The Republicans had won back the Senate, and Alfonse D'Amato would become chairman of the Senate committee looking into Whitewater. *Al D'Amato?* The name was synonymous with sleaze. Would anyone take an ethics investigation under his direction seriously?

Probably not—or at least not without the help D'Amato has received from a New Jersey prosecutor with an ethical record that is the reverse image of his own. In Michael Chertoff, the chief counsel to the Senate Whitewater Committee, D'Amato has found a man able to make his political fishing expedition look credible. While Kenneth Starr, the independent counsel, quietly pursues his work out of public view, the committee has been chewing up Clinton associates and spitting out incriminating press. If anyone could pull off a face-to-face showdown with the First Lady, Chertoff could. "You don't want to be cross-examined by Michael Chertoff," says a reporter who followed him while he was a federal prosecutor in New Jersey. "Before you know it you'll look down and you won't have any clothes on. He'll have [Hillary] admitting that basically she's the biggest criminal to ever come out of Arkansas."

Chertoff, who looks older than his 42 years, bears an uncanny resemblance to Montgomery Burns, the ruthless nuclear power plant owner on "The Simpsons": the gleaming bald head, the bulging eyes, the pointed nose. With his stern demeanor, driven manner and Jersey accent, Chertoff contrasts sharply with his Democratic counterpart, Richard Ben-Veniste, whose blow-dried coif and p.r. smile invoke lunch at Mezzaluna.

Chertoff cultivated his cross-examination skills as a prosecutor in New York and New Jersey, where he earned a reputation as a tough-minded ethics hawk. "In his old life, D'Amato is the kind of guy Mike Chertoff would have prosecuted," says a Democrat who has followed the hearings closely.

How then, to explain his current alliance? Some say Chertoff is overzealous in his ambition; others argue he wouldn't risk his triple-A reputation on something he believed to be a political hatchet job. And while most people who have worked with or against Chertoff speak of him in superlatives, they also seem a little nervous when his name is raised: "It's really all positive," says one New Jersey Republican. "I don't want him to call me. I'm being very positive ... make sure you write it that way."

The young Chertoff clerked for Justice William Brennan after Harvard Law School, and then worked at the tony law firm of Latham and Watkins in Washington before joining the feds. His break came in 1986. As a prosecutor in Manhattan, Chertoff was thrown a blockbuster case by his boss, Rudy Giuliani: the trial of heavies from three of New York's biggest mob families. "I was scared to death," Chertoff says of his assignment. "Nothing has ever been quite as daunting again."

His colleagues watched in awe as Chertoff became one with the case, inhaling details from mountains of evidence and hundreds of hours of wiretap recordings. "I try to learn everything that's humanly possible about the subjects I'm going to examine on," Chertoff says. The goal is "to know more about the subject than the witness." And he did. Genovese family *consigliare* Bobby Manna was counting on a voice identification expert to discredit Chertoff's incriminating recordings of his plots. But in records from a case twenty years prior, Chertoff had unearthed evidence that ruined the expert's credibility. Chertoff recalls the "Matlock" moment with relish. "I said, 'Isn't it a fact that you couldn't even recognize your own mother's voice?' And he takes a long pause, and he just says 'Yeah.' The jury was rolling their eyes."

Even the mobsters Chertoff sent to prison seemed to grasp the status he'd won by nailing them. A 1992 *New Jersey Law Journal* article recounted an exchange between a police sergeant and racketeering convict "Fat Tony" Salerno, who inquired about his former tormentor:

> Salerno: I was watching TV last night and I saw that fuckin' "Trade-Off" talking about something. He's out in Jersey now. Does he have some big job over there or something?
> Officer: Yeah, he's the number-two guy over there, Tony. You know, like the *consigliare.* He's doing good. He's going to go a long way.
> Salerno: Well, you give him a little message from Fat Tony. You tell that son of a bitch he owes me a thank-you note.

Out in Jersey, Chertoff was on his way to becoming the state's U.S. attorney. He took over a moribund office and boosted its profile—and his own—through a series of heavily publicized cases involving political corruption and white-collar financial crime, the twin pedestals of the Whitewater investigation. Chertoff, a registered Republican, distinguished himself enough to survive a 1993 Clinton purge of Republican appointees, thanks in part to help from Democratic Senator Bill Bradley. He returned in 1994 to Latham and Watkins, and shortly thereafter received the call from D'Amato, to whom Chertoff had been recommended by former fed colleagues from New York, admirers of his mob-busting success.

One longtime friend of Chertoff says that he "is philosophically grounded.... Michael has a very clear sense

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

A Double Standard

Suppose you discover one of your children doing something that is way out of line. And suppose that, after telling the kid he is grounded for a couple of weeks, you find that another of your children has been guilty of the same offense. Would you tell the second child that his bad behavior didn't matter? Not unless you wanted to teach your kids that the rules apply to only one of them. A double standard like that would be devastatingly unfair to both youngsters, and it would undermine your authority as a parent. Unfortunately, a federal law, the Individuals with Disabilities Education Act (IDEA), is forcing teachers to use this kind of double standard as they try to maintain classroom discipline.

When a student endangers other students or repeatedly disrupts the class, making it difficult or impossible for the other children to learn, the teacher can invoke the school's disciplinary code. If the code has teeth, the student could be assigned to an alternative program, or even be suspended or expelled, and the rest of the class could get on with its work. But if the child has a disability, the school disciplinary code may not apply, and a totally different set of rules prescribed by law will kick in.

Changes in IDEA will make it more flexible and fairer for all concerned.

The people who created IDEA wanted to make sure that kids with disabilities would not be jerked around from one placement to another. But the law's "stay-put" provision creates a double standard for classroom behavior that can make it impossible for teachers to discipline students with disabilities. According to "stay-put," once a child with a disability has been placed in a class, he can't be excluded because of behavior related to his disability for more than 10 days without the consent of his parents or a formal hearing process. The hearing process is complicated and time-consuming, and school officials often fear they might end up with a lawsuit on their hands. If they do go ahead, it can be months or even years before a decision is made. In the meantime, the child remains in the class, and the education of everybody else, including any other disabled classmates, goes down the tubes.

Here's an example. A junior high school student in Missouri had "multiple mental disabilities" that led to a variety of hostile acts "such as biting, hitting and poking persons, throwing objects, and turning over furniture." These incidents took place at a rate of more than 10 per week for two years. None was life-threatening, but the other children were upset and their learning suffered. The school system tried many different things to restore order to the classroom—including having a second full-time teacher in the room. Nothing helped, and the girl's parents refused permission to put her in an alternative placement. The system finally took the case to court and won, but not before other students had lost two years of learning and the teachers had gone through hell.

IDEA is an important piece of legislation, but it needs to be revised so it is fair for *all* the children who are affected by it. Congress has a chance to make these revisions in this session, and members of Congress should be urged to do so. Here are some of the important changes that must be made:

- The "stay-put" rule needs to be relaxed. If a student with a disability endangers the safety of other students and teachers, it should be possible to remove the student from the class without the parents' consent or a court order. School officials—people who are close to the situation—should be able to make *temporary* alternative placements to ensure the safety of all students.
- The same relaxation of "stay-put" should be allowed in cases of habitual and highly disruptive behavior. Schools must be able to act on their own authority to make temporary alternative placements so teachers can teach and the other children can learn.
- The guidelines that define when a student's behavior is a manifestation of his disability need to be tightened. Currently, nearly any misbehavior can be attributed to a child's disabling condition—and therefore excused. A youngster who is learning-disabled may get very frustrated as she tries to learn how to read, but that cannot be an excuse for hitting or biting other children. The law needs to distinguish clearly between children who have not yet learned to control their behavior and those who cannot understand their actions or control them. (It also needs to close a loophole that encourages after-the-fact disabilities: that is, trying to get a child classified as disabled *after* he has committed a serious offense on the grounds that the offense is a manifestation of his disability.)

The changes I have suggested will not endanger the rights of children with disabilities; they will make the law more flexible and fairer for all concerned. The only danger is that Congress will not understand that their constituents consider these changes important. So call or write your representatives to make sure they do.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1996 by Albert Shanker.

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of what he perceives to be right and wrong." Maybe. But he'll have to tread carefully in the coming weeks to avoid overkill. He stumbled for the first time last week while pressing Webster Hubbell about legal work he undertook after resigning as associate attorney general. The moment provided a vision of how the tables could turn: Chertoff seemed to suggest that money may have tainted Hubbell's testimony. Suddenly Hubbell was the folksy good guy, Chertoff the bullying henchman. "That's pretty rotten," responded Hubbell, his lips quivering. D'Amato intervened to adjourn the hearing.

But it was Chertoff's first major gaffe; and he doesn't need to score an impeachment to exit the Whitewater saga a GOP hero. Will he emulate Giuliani, the man who gave him his break, and parlay crime-fighting into political office? There are whispers to that effect, but Chertoff downplays them. It's more likely that he's appointment-bound—to the federal bench or to a post in a future Republican Justice Department. Of course, if this thing against the Clintons really takes off ...

Just ask Fred Thompson, the former Watergate lawyer who now represents Tennessee in the Senate. Or the one who now lives in the White House. •

Ann Lewis, stealth strategist.

SILENT KNIGHT

By Hanna Rosin

If you look closely, you'll notice a new aura of humility hovering about the White House. "I'd like to dissuade you," insists Ann Lewis, communications director for the Clinton campaign, when asked if she'll agree to be profiled. "This is not about the president's staff and his handlers and the various egos involved. It's about the president, and his vision of leadership. If you want to talk about that, I'll be happy to." Her cheerful modesty is ubiquitous. In the kind of lockstep obedience that would incite Newt's envy, the rest of the president's entourage clings to obscurity as well. "She's right," says another prominent White House staffer, who prefers to remain humbly anonymous. "None of us wants pieces written about us. We weren't hired here to become celebrities."

Those awaiting War Room II are about to be disappointed. No more Stephanopoulos Fan Club. No more crackly documentaries in which the Ragin' Cajun squawks at the press in fits of mock fury. Instead, the new campaign is to be a humdrum affair, starring a president above the fray, with an invisible staff as extras. And at the center of the quiet strategy is Ann Lewis, the Democratic doyenne who has been a handler since the word existed. Oh, excuse me. I mean, at the center of it all is the president: "[K]eep in mind that the most important aspect of this right now is the presidency, not the campaign," Lewis told a press crowd eager for news about the campaign kickoff. "He was involved with his shirt sleeves up in negotiating over the budget and making other decisions." Could she at least give the date of the official re-election announcement, pressed hungry reporters? "Maybe we can let that go for a while. We'll just go on doing our job."

For Ann Lewis, being a stealth strategist in the Clinton administration has its advantages: for one thing, it deflects attention from the liberal streaks in her past. In a campaign striving for buttoned-down centrism, Lewis betrays flashes of color. There is, for example, the pink campaign poster hanging in her office, from her heroine Pat Schroeder's first race. At 14 she wore a black armband to mourn the defeat of Adlai Stevenson, recalls her younger brother, the cranky liberal Barney Frank. In 1988, after serving as political director of the Democratic National Committee for three years, she rebuffed the mainstream candidates to strategize for the underdog, Jesse Jackson. When Michael Dukakis rejected Jackson as vice president, Lewis mocked Lloyd Bentsen and the rest of the Southern Democrats in the Democratic Leadership Council, including Bill Clinton, as the "Rhett Butler brigade": "She joined because she thought Jesse was the only one talking about the issues she most cared about," recalls Frank Watkins, whose Rainbow Coalition has several graduates in the Clinton campaign. "Doing the bidding of this president, some of them must be feeling a little queasy in the stomach."

Not really. In Lewis's world of steely professionals, loyalty trumps ideology. While Jesse Jackson was fuming about the State of the Union, Lewis was praising the president on CNN. And she is not about to take on Dick Morris anytime soon. "That's where people get it wrong," says one of Morris's allies. "I don't mean to sound cynical, but it's not a question of ideology, of her ideas versus Dick Morris's. We're all here to work for Bill Clinton." And Lewis has already been initiated. The only concrete detail she's leaked about campaign strategy is a possible model: the 1984 Reagan/Bush re-election campaign. "Go back and look at the Reagan campaign of 1984.... [T]hey did one of the best jobs in modern history," she told CNN. "I believe in learning from history and learning from experience and, quite frankly, learning from the best."

In the service of Clinton, Lewis has always been steadfast crusader, but not always such a quiet one. Her current position is a reward for freelance fealty through the hardest of times, for pumping the airwaves with praise of the Clintons when even insiders hid. In April of last year, when Whitewater turned ugliest, Lewis formed the stolidly named Back to Business Committee to defend the First Lady. She took out a full-page *New York Times* ad blaring "WE INTERRUPT THIS NEWSPAPER TO GIVE YOU THE FACTS" and made up "Don't Pillory Hillary!" buttons.

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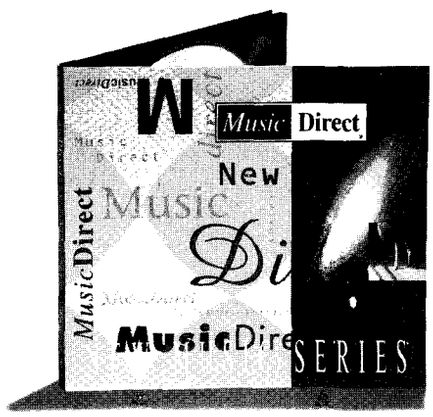
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For the Clintons, she was the ideal flak: with her halo of stiff hair and her owlish glasses, Lewis has the air of a doting matriarch. But don't be fooled. As her brother explains, betraying a note of jealousy: "I ran into Massachusetts Congressman Joe Moakley and he said, 'I saw your sister on television. She's the nicest nasty person around. She whacked the guy and left him smiling, he didn't even know she'd cut his head off.' " Adds fellow strategist Mandy Grunwald: "She's the most disarming spokeswoman. She looks like your grandmother or your favorite teacher. Yet with that sweet smile she's devastatingly effective."

These days, though, her extreme loyalty can be counterproductive, making some people, especially reporters, suspicious. In a style perfected by David Gergen, a White House spokesman like Mark Fabiani will throw a scrap to reporters before he begins to spin. But Lewis recycles even the most implausible of Clinton lines with aplomb. After Webster Hubbell pled guilty to two felony counts and admitted stealing $394,000 from his law partners and clients, she stood by him: "Washington ... has [its] own tribal rites. One of those rights is that when the war gods get angry, there are human sacrifices, ... [which] will quiet the volcano, quiet the war gods." After the David Watkins memo prompted the second flare-up of the travel office scandal, Lewis pounced on Billy Dale, its director, although a jury had cleared him of all charges after only two hours of deliberation.

Her fidelity is particularly unconvincing when it comes to Hillary Clinton. When she launches into a lecture about men feeling "threatened" by the First Lady, Lewis is partly sincere. After all, she herself dropped out of Radcliffe to spend many frustrating years in the shadow of her first husband, Florida politician Gerald Lewis. "She grew up at a time when there really was not a role for a woman who was a superb political organizer, and being a political wife was painful for her," recalls Frank. But sisterhood stops with Paula Jones: "There really is such an issue as sexual harassment, but I'd like to keep it separate from what I think right now is clearly a political attack on Bill Clinton," she told Judy Woodruff. "This particular lawsuit has been sponsored—underwritten, if you will, promoted—by people who are ardent enemies of President Clinton." And her *New York Times* ad, which she portrayed as a spontaneous outburst, was a master spin operation, coordinated with the White House and the First Lady's cronies, as Jacob Weisberg pointed out in *New York* magazine. In the end, the admit-nothing-and-deflect-everything strategy, for which Lewis provided the spin, bombed. Jokes another official who helped conceive it: "Oh, you mean the Whitewater damage enhancement team?"

In retrospect, though, the feisty Lewis of Whitewater fame doesn't seem so bad. Anything beats these dull days of stoic campaigning. It's enough to make you appreciate the chaos of the last campaign, when colorful handlers flakked themselves and left Clinton to wander. As one old-school strategist from the last Clinton campaign recalls wistfully: "Yeah, maybe our high profile was an ego trip. But it worked. And it's a lot more fun." •

Buchanan's Big Mo.

IT'S PAT

By Matthew Cooper

Pat Buchanan was being cautious. He was on the floor of the convention center in Des Moines, doing local interviews, when he heard about the first polls showing that he was running close—very close—behind Bob Dole. He admonished aide Gregg Mueller not to get too excited. But as the evening wore on, Buchanan's wariness evaporated. In Mueller's hotel room, the candidate watched the results with his sister Bay, and his wife Shelley, giving the thumbs up with each new set of numbers and sliding his hands together to show the narrowing distance with Dole.

These days, he might need a micrometer to gauge the difference. For all practical purposes, Buchanan and Dole, along with Steve Forbes and Lamar Alexander, are running even in New Hampshire. This is *terra nova* for Forbes and Alexander. And while New Hampshire has tormented Dole—he came in dead last here with less than 2 percent of the vote in 1980 and lost humiliatingly to George Bush in 1988—it is fertile ground for Buchanan, who captured 37 percent of the GOP primary vote in 1992. Buchanan knows the folks at the James River plant in Berlin and at the *Union Leader* in Manchester, where they've endorsed him twice. For Buchanan, winning is still a new sensation. And privately, say aides, he treats the possibility without his public bravado. After nailing the Alaska straw poll, Buchanan turned to an aide and whispered: "That's the first election I've ever won."

Why this surge for Buchanan? It would be easy to attribute it to NAFTA, his animus toward what he calls "the gay rights agenda" or his fervor for school prayer. But the Buchanan appeal runs deeper than that. He is, simply, a great candidate.

Rush Limbaugh calls Buchanan the "conviction conservative" in this race. He's right. The other candidates shade and hedge and voters can tell. Take abortion. Forbes is all mumbles when he prevaricates about his views on the subject. He's basically pro-choice, but can't bring himself to say so. Dole has been all over the place on the Human Life Amendment—for it for years, against it now. Alexander has been wishy-washy, too. Buchanan, by contrast, is unapologetically right-to-life, opposing abortion even when a pregnancy results from rape or incest.

Talk with Buchanan voters and it becomes clear that their candidate's certitude is his draw. Exhibit A is Charles Hennessey. On the night of the Iowa caucus, I caught up with the 39-year-old Buchanan volunteer at

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Buchanan's Manchester headquarters, located over a diner on Elm Street and festooned with a POW-MIA flag. The bespectacled, soft-spoken Hennessey left his twin jobs as a house painter and bookseller in Connecticut to work for Buchanan in New Hampshire. He sprung for a hotel room on his own dime, eschewing the Catholic high school where many other like-minded volunteers in the Buchanan Brigade are camping out. Hennessey doesn't like every item on the candidate's agenda. "In my book business I buy and sell on the computer to foreign countries," he says. "I don't see how you can fund the country on tariffs. It seems like an anachronism." He comes from a Democratic family and at 16 volunteered for McGovern, but later moved right. What drove him to Buchanan isn't a single issue but an idea: Buchanan is "a man of honor." One of the things Hennessey likes most about Pat—everyone calls him that—is that he's a "Latin Mass Catholic."

But, of course, conviction alone doth not a campaign make. Bob Dornan is a Latin Mass Catholic, too. But unlike Dornan, Buchanan is an extraordinary campaigner, his skills sharpened at the sides of three Republican presidents, his TV polish refined by nights in the "Crossfire." If his TV earpiece isn't working, he'll use a phrase like "It's overmodulated." These days, most of the pols who are good on TV—Clinton and Alexander to name two—seem to lack conviction; Buchanan combines TV skills and conviction.

What's more, as a former speechwriter, he knows how to find the lines that will move a crowd. Hoarse and bleary-eyed, Buchanan rallied his brigades at a Manchester banquet hall the day after the Iowa caucuses. (Memo to Pat: refrain from using Queen's "We Will Rock You" as your theme song. Freddie Mercury, the late lead vocalist of the '70s band died of AIDS and had a penchant for heavy mascara. Definitely off message.) He skewered his millionaire opponent. "Junior Forbes," Buchanan scoffs. He chides Lamar: "You can't catch up with twenty-five years of conservatism by walking across the state in a plaid shirt." And he whacked Dole. "You hear Bob Dole lately talking about a cultural war for the soul of America? Somebody must have slipped him a copy of my speech from Houston," Buchanan laughed. "We're going to charge him with copyright violation."

Buchanan calls himself a conservative, but he is a actually a reactionary, consumed by nostalgia. He is challenging the basic tenets of capitalism. Listen: "And now we see in case after case in this turbo-charged, go-go economy being accelerated the uprooting of families, the shutting down of factories, tearing apart communities. What in heaven's name are we trying to conserve if not the jobs and communities and neighborhoods where people put down roots and raise families? And what is it all for? Is it for the maximum amount of consumer goods?" Buchanan-Bonior '96?

Elites are his bane. Corporations are at the top of the list: "Look what's going on out there, my friends. Look what's going on in our country. When AT&T lops off 40,000 jobs and the executioner that does it, he's a big hero on the cover of one of these magazines and AT&T stock soars." On his fellow conservatives: "They're reading too many books by these dead Austrian economists." On the Education Department: "Some fella wearing beads and sandals." On the NEA: "Padlock the place and fumigate it."

Buchanan's fire-breathing rhetoric is his own, but he also owes a lot of his success to his sister Bay. Forbes may be the richest person in the race, but Bay, the former treasurer of the United States, is probably a better businessman. Throughout 1995, Bay Buchanan had one credo: don't spend. While Phil Gramm was blowing big bucks on meaningless events like the Florida straw poll, Buchanan husbanded his resources. And while Gramm continually raised expectations, Buchanan never did. "Our biggest problem has been Lexis-Nexis," says Jim Courtovich, Gramm's New Hampshire campaign manager, referring to the computer archive of newspaper articles in which Gramm's pitiful boasts are chronicled. There were, by contrast, moments of prescience for Pat and Bay, the closest sibling team in politics since Jack and Bobby. Buchanan understood the importance of the Alaska straw poll, traveling in November with Mueller to small towns like Sitka and Katchikan. When Buchanan won Alaska at the end of January he had the momentum to take Louisiana.

Buchanan has neither pollsters nor speechwriters—a huge savings. He has hired Jay Townsend, a former Dick Morris partner, to produce a series of visually innovative ads showing padlocked factories, condemned by NAFTA. And Buchanan has understood, as only a columnist can, the media's hunger for an Event. On Valentine's Day Buchanan visited a flower grower in Manchester whose business had been ravaged by imports from South America.

What is the Buchanan strategy from here? In the inner circle of the Buchanan campaign—Bay, Mueller, Townsend, Terrance Jeffries and New Hampshire manager Peter Robbio—a plan is emerging for the final days. Point one: go after Forbes. The feeling in the Buchanan camp is that Forbes and Buchanan are duking it out for the angriest, most conservative voters. Lamar and Dole are fighting for the moderates. The other idea is to stress Buchanan's economic message in this state which is much more secular than Iowa. "You have to attract the Reagan coalition from 1984," says Robbio, referring to the so called Reagan Democrats, traditional conservatives and anti-government types. With money coming in, the campaign will buy time on the air in Arizona, the site of the next showdown.

Buchanan's rise makes him a target. When his mug appeared on the TV screen at Alexander headquarters, one volunteer barked out: "*Duce*! *Duce*!" But in a sense, Buchanan may have insulated himself from the harshest attacks on his authoritarian streak. After all, he's *boasted* that he's a fan of Joseph McCarthy and Generalissimo Francisco Franco.

There is much to worry about in the Buchanan message. But his success ought to be a cause for some celebration—for liberals. It is proof that ideas matter, that money isn't everything. Conviction counts. Conservatives are coming to understand that. Liberals should, too. •

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ANIMAL FARM

By Michael Lewis

February 8:

A losing political campaign must at some point cease to be about winning and start to be about something else: a moral crusade (Alan Keyes), a chance to be on TV (Bob Dornan), a fund-raiser for the next election (Phil Gramm). In Morry Taylor's case that something else is fun. He has spent six months and nearly $6 million laying the groundwork for just this moment. His staffers have papered Iowa and New Hampshire with several hundred thousand questionnaires, ostensibly to determine what the voters think. But the cover sheet of the Morry poll captures the true spirit of the enterprise:

THE OTHER GUYS PAY A POLLSTER $25,000 TO ASK THE OPINIONS OF JUST 600 PEOPLE. I'M POLLING EVERYBODY, AND I'M GIVING AWAY $25,000 IN A DRAWING.

Inside are ten questions (#5: "Do you agree that we need an outsider to clean up the mess in Washington?") and beneath each of these two little boxes. One is marked "You're Right, Morry," the other "You're Wrong, Morry." Anyone who checks the boxes is automatically included in one of five Iowa drawings for five grand in cash, one each night from now until the caucus.

This morning we have scarcely left the parking lot before the inside of the Land Yacht is hazy with cigar smoke. Morry leans back in his deck chair, responding to my questions about his future plans. He is perhaps the only presidential candidate in history to be overconfident while polling 2 percent four days before the Iowa caucus. On the off chance he loses, he says, he has no plans to run for anything else. He'll just go back to making tires and wheels. But then he pauses, exhales a cloud of smoke, and drops this bombshell: "I'm looking to buy a TV station."

"You got Rush," he continues, "but otherwise there's no one else out there. If I don't win this thing, the politicians are not going to like what I got planned for them. Fry 'em right up." As if to illustrate this point he produces a press release announcing the formal complaint he has filed with the Federal Election Commission against Lamar Alexander. Alexander, Morry claims, has been underreporting his expenditures in New Hampshire.

The rest of the day is spent whipping back and forth across farmland trying to scare up voters. Hardly anyone turns up for the scheduled events and so we go jump-shooting large, unsuspecting groups of citizens: at conventions, in courthouses, in restaurants. Finally we arrive at the one event in Morry Taylor's day guaranteed to attract a crowd large enough to make the candidate forget the obscurity of the past twelve hours.

Last night the winner of Morry's five grand was a pig farmer in the southeast named Wilfred McCreedy, who, conveniently enough, hosts the Republican caucus in his township. Tonight a large basketball court is teeming with hopeful Iowans; stragglers are directed to the jogging track above, which soon fills up as well. At every table happy voters scramble to complete the Morry poll before the deadline.

The show begins. The lights go down and, on a giant screen at the front of the room, a picture of the White House goes up. "THE LARGEST BUSINESS ON EARTH" read the words over the picture. This is followed by an eight-minute video glorifying Morry. At the end of the video the speakers blare Morry's theme song, "Dancing in the Dark," until the man himself bursts into the room, assumes the stage and recites the lyrics.

"You need a spark
To start a fire
And this gun's for hire..."

"You don't see the senior partners from the big law firms running for office," says Morry, by way of summing up all of American politics. "Our country is being run by the *rejects* from the legal profession." The $5,000 drawing gives the donor far more than $5,000 worth of pleasure. Afterwards, as we head for some airfield in eastern Iowa, Morry sounds intoxicated by the turnout. "Fifteen thousand votes will do it," he says. "You never know but we might—" He pauses. "Ah—you never know, people are funny. But I'll tell you what." He smiles his Cheshire Cat smile. "It's doable. It's doable." All in all, a nice illustration of a general rule: any campaign, however moribund, can seem hot when you are inside of it.

At last we arrive at the airport. Waiting there are several vans and cars plastered with stickers for Lamar Alexander. Lamar is going places, but as he rises he is coming under attack not only from Morry but from Steve Forbes, who has a new commercial explaining

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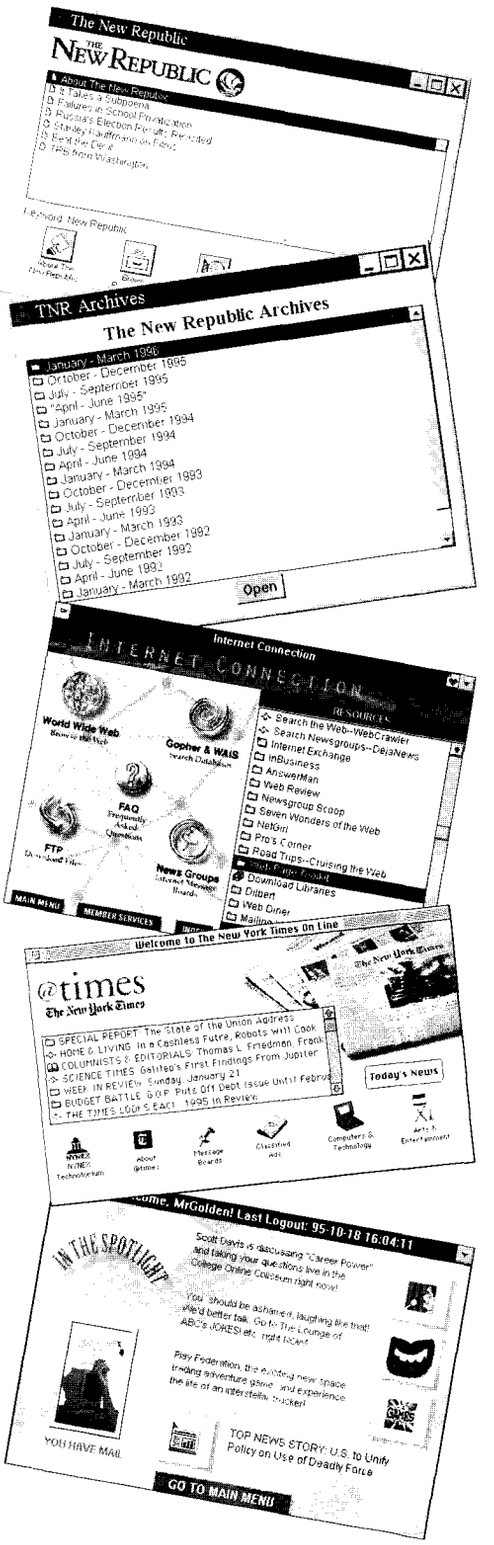

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how Lamar turned a thousand bucks into $620,000 with the help of a few friends. We enter the terminal. Lamar's jet is circling overhead! He's preparing to land! (Lamar does everything with exclamation points.) A few minutes later he does, in $25 million worth of jet, with LAMAR! emblazoned in red on its side.

Morry and his aides gather on the tarmac to watch the plane empty. The line is endless: first the security detail, then the camera crews, which, after Gramm's Louisiana disaster, have moved from him to Alexander, then the campaign staffers. Among the last group of smartly dressed young men is Mike Murphy, the legendary thirtysomething "media consultant," who, as it happens, grew up next door to Morry Taylor. Indeed, when Morry wants to make his point about the absurdity of professional campaign staff he tells his audiences about Mike Murphy, "a fat little kid from next door who dudn't know anything you don't know." Now as Murphy emerges from the plane, Morry shouts up at him, "Hey, Murphy! Look how fat *you* gettin'! *You* eatin' too many doughnuts!"

There follows an exquisite moment of status confusion. Murphy is the superior political force, but Morry is the bigshot businessman from next door. Rather than sort it out Murphy flushes and races into the back of one of the waiting cars.

At length Alexander emerges and is surrounded by the cameras. You can see he is looking for some way to take advantage of the new camera crews. Spotting Morry, now lingering disinterestedly on the tarmac's fringe, Lamar strides over to shake hands. He offers Morry a phony smile and a line from his stump speech, "I just bought my mudboots for all of that negative advertising up in New Hampshire." Morry stares at him for a few seconds, like he's some kind of nut case. "That's not negative advertising," he says. "They're just telling you the truth."

Lamar's happy face vanishes. Poof. A truly nightmarish soundbite has just occurred. The CBS cameras are rolling. The familiar fight-or-flight instinct takes over. So what does Lamar do? He simply ends the conversation, turns and race-walks into his car. "Gotta go!" he hollers over his shoulder as he disappears into the back of his car.

"That's what happens when you meet the *Griz*!" Morry booms after him.

But the night is still young. Thrilled by a rare authentic moment, the CBS crew newly assigned to Lamar phones New York. New York orders the crew to leave Alexander and to follow Morry wherever he goes next. Morry takes the crew on a tour of Alexander's jet, which looms massively beside Morry's own small plane. "Tell me what is wrong with this picture," I hear him saying. "Here you got a little plane made right here in America belonging to a guy who has made his own money. And over here you got a $25 million Falconer *made in Canada* being used by a politician." Four or five carloads of Alexandrians gaze on, helplessly.

Meanwhile, overhead, Bob Dole's jet is now circling. Unwisely it decides to land. There on a tarmac in the middle of the night in the middle of nowhere one-third of the Republican field has now assembled; even more astonishing, the one national news network on hand is trailing around behind the surest loser. Dole's plane rolls inexorably toward Morry and CBS, oblivious to the danger. "And here," says Morry, "we have another politician. Has he ever made any real money? No. So what's he flying in? A *$19 million* Challenger. This one is made in France." But then, just as it appears that Morry will have one last chance to ask Dole about his $4 million government pension, the front-runner spots Morry, dives straight into his car and beats Alexander to the airport exit.

After today my editor will no longer permit me to travel with Morry Taylor. "I didn't send you out to write Morry Taylor's biography," he says. He thinks I have become compromised, like other political reporters who have been granted exclusive access. Never mind that my access is exclusive only because no one else ever turns up to ask Morry questions.

On the other hand perhaps our parting is all for the best. The morning brought this disillusioning report from a local paper in New Hampshire:

> A class of middle-school students says GOP presidential hopeful Morry Taylor suggested cigar smoking and mimicked a girl's stuttering during a visit to their school.... When one pupil stuttered while asking a question Taylor told her "Sp-sp-spit it out of your mouth, girl," according to two students who published a letter to the editor Wednesday in *Foster's Daily Democrat.*

I am sure that Morry would have an explanation. I am also sure that whatever it is it would only make things worse.

February 10:

To a church in Des Moines to celebrate heterosexual marriages and protest homosexual ones. Together with a crowd of maybe 800 people, Keyes, Gramm and Pat Buchanan have all turned up to take their whacks. All the rest except Morry have agreed to sign some pledge to make homosexuals as miserable as possible. ("Who gives a shit?" Morry said when I asked him why he wasn't going. "If you want to be fruity-tooty, so what?")

Lamar Alexander's name is on the list of scheduled speakers, yet he fails to show. I am discovering that Lamar has a special gift for waiting until the last minute to see who is going to share his platform and then canceling if he doesn't like the looks of the event, or if something better comes along. Yesterday he told the local PBS station that his presence at a debate was "as good as done"; but then he canceled when he found out that Dole and Forbes weren't going to attend. A couple of days ago he passed out a schedule that said he would attend church services this Sunday; but then "This Week with David Brinkley" called and God got stood up. In real life this is considered rude. Why not in politics?

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In one word, what should be the *biggest* issue of the Presidential campaign?

Population

Forty-Eight More Chicagos

The Census Bureau says that if present fertility and immigration rates continue, the US population will approach 400 million by the year 2050 – well within the lifetime of today's young Americans.

That's like adding 48 Chicagos.

Crowded Enough Today?

Every person added to today's 265 million means that we will consume more water, food, topsoil, and fossil fuel. We'll need more schools, hospitals, highways, prisons, and toxic waste dumps. We will have even less room for farmlands, wetlands, and wilderness areas.

Do today's candidates have the courage to discuss it?

With every additional person, we deplete unrenewable natural resources, strain our renewable ones, and speed up the damage to the environment.

A Political Void

Nearly a dozen candidates are campaigning for President, but we've heard no discussion of a desirable population size for the United States. Why?

Most of our country's problems – from crime to unemployment to pollution – will be easier to solve if we limit our population. Yet, current national policies and habits still push us toward perpetual population growth.

Global Problem

A United States beset by crowding and scarcities will be less able to help solve the world's population problems.

Now is the time

to discuss population, while we can still do something about it.

NPG is a national organization that calls for smaller US and world populations, and recommends specific, realistic measures to achieve these goals.

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February 11:

The front of the room in which Lamar is scheduled to speak looks less like a political platform than a stage set on a children's television show. It is filled with props. In addition to the piano there is a red plaid shirt, a pair of L.L. Bean mudboots, three giant letter blocks (A, B and C, which stand for Alexander Beats Clinton) and a big banner that says *Lamar!* The Alexandrine taste for exclamation points—*Come On Along!* is his campaign slogan—suddenly makes perfect sense. Lamar has decided that the way to reach the American people is by treating them the way adults usually treat 6-year-olds. Probably because he looked so familiar, Alexander has just won by a landslide the straw poll of Iowa schoolchildren.

Lamar's wife serves as his warm-up act. She is called Honey (Honey!), though to watch her you would never guess it; indeed, I think that if Lamar Alexander ever wins the White House we shall finally appreciate the soft, yielding qualities of Hillary Clinton. Honey is tight as a coiled spring, all steel and no magnolia. "Make him number one in Boone," she concludes, grimly, "and then Lamar can be number one next November."

"Thank you very much, Honey," says the young man who moderates the event, eliciting a single sharp giggle from the front of the room.

Next comes the man himself, and you can see why he likes to lead with his wife. His soft, fuzzy, intensely understanding nature is nicely accentuated by his wife's hardness. The Alexanders have the same bad cop, good cop thing going as the Clintons and for that matter the Reagans. Is this the model for the modern American presidency?

As Alexander speaks he leans forward tensely but pleasingly, like a schoolboy proffering an apple to the teacher. "We made a decision some time ago," he says, "that all of our advertising in Iowa would be positive." The applause this fetches is only slightly less enthusiastic than the applause Lamar gets when he subtly slides the knife into the competition. He attacks Dole's State of the Union response ("It was not a pretty picture"), Forbes's viability and Clinton's mendacity. ("We know what he will do. Someone will ask him a question. He'll move out from behind the podium to walk over to the questioner. He'll feel the questioner's pain....") As he spoke I was overcome by the same creepy sensation I used to get whenever Up With People came on at halftime. In my experience people who make a big deal about being nice usually aren't.

Lamar is insistently upbeat. And yet his campaign is the most negative operation; it stands for nothing except what it isn't. Although Lamar is forever using the word "vision," his pitch is that he is *not* someone else—he's *not* Washington, he's *not* a negative advertiser, above all he's *not* Clinton. But of course he is Washington, he is negative and, above all, he is Clinton. (Without the charm.) Lamar is simply tapping into the cult of niceness to destroy his opponents. To whom does this appeal? Usually a candidate shares something important with his followers: Dole attracts veterans, cynics and the chronically risk averse; Buchanan attracts the angry rabble; Keyes attracts moralists. I could only conclude that Alexander attracts people who use niceness to get what they want.

A day with Lamar and I start to appreciate the virtues of negative advertising. The standards of honesty are higher in negative ads than in positive ones, just as the standards of accuracy are higher in negative pieces of journalism than in positive ones. Lamar's glowing tributes to himself contain all sorts of distortions, particularly about his financial life, that no one bothers to correct because they offend nothing but the truth. A negative ad that shaded the truth in this way would cause the victim to leap into action and discredit his attacker. Steve Forbes's ads are far more honest than the replies they have elicited.

February 12:

When I phoned Wilfred McCreedy, the winner of Morry's $5,000 drawing, to ask if I could observe the caucus on his farm I could barely hear his response over the squealing of pigs. Upon my dropping of Morry's name he said, "That Morry Taylor, he has it exactly right." I was in.

I turned up around noon at the farm—a big white house on the side of a narrow road backed by several hundred acres of golden brown fields. Waiting for me is a hearty middle-aged couple, a wonderful concoction of meat and vegetables, a glass of milk and a brief family history. The McCreedys have been farming the same land in the middle of nowhere for 128 years. "I was at the top of my class in school," McCreedy says. "He was also at the bottom," says Mrs. McCreedy, "because he was the only one there." They've both traveled some—in the army in the late '50s he went to New York, and he was back as recently as 1986 after which visit he concluded that "the country is going to hell." But it's been ten years since the McCreedys had a vacation, and their farm hours make investment banking seem like a walk in the park. Unlike their neighbors—and just about every one else in Iowa—the McCreedys do not participate in any federal farm programs.

Before long the talk drifts to politics. On the phone McCreedy became a bit worked up about the marriage rally at the church in Des Moines. "Those gays and lesbians are going to *protest* that meeting," he said in a tone of utter disbelief. "Goddamn that makes me angry!" He said he would have driven the two and a half hours to Des Moines to throw his support behind the straights, but his sows were pigging. Now once again he says how angry the gays made him, but in the flesh his anger comes across differently. "You put a group of all female pigs out there, and they won't become homosexuals and lesbians," he says. At some level he may be angry, but his prejudice seems mainly to give him pleasure. As he lays into Clinton, homosexuals and the U.S.

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government, his real emotion is more like delight—the delight of a good fan rooting for his team. Go straights!

"Is it true that Forbes owns a Mapplethorpe photograph?" he asks.

I say it is.

"Dat gumit!" he says.

"Oh, Wilfred, what does that matter?" asks Mrs. McCreedy.

"That man took pornographic photographs of homosexuals!" bellows Mr. McCreedy, at which point Mrs. McCreedy just rolls her eyes.

I have tried to make myself as agreeable as possible, but it's only a matter of time before I have to come clean with my left-leaning associations. The tension builds as Mr. McCreedy stakes out a political position on the other end of the spectrum from mine. But it's nearly two hours before I discover that the McCreedys have no idea where I am from or what I do—only that I am a friend of Morry Taylor's. "You're not from PETA, are you?" asks Mrs. McCreedy, finally.

I have no idea what she's talking about. People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, she explains. "You just never know when they are going to interrupt. Lately they've gone to our schools dressed up as carrots to tell the kids not to eat meat." It's truly astonishing: as far as these people knew I was some protester who had come to disrupt their lives and yet they still fed me and humored me before venturing to ask. One of the few things I recall from college was that in the Homeric universe the mark of a civilized person is his kindness to strangers. The good king feeds Odysseus first then asks questions later; the Cyclops questions him first then tries to eat him. The McCreedys have the gift of kindness to strangers. I put PETA on the list of things to be against.

But now there is no getting around it: I must explain what the hell I'm doing in their kitchen. I mention THE NEW REPUBLIC and hold my breath.

"Is that Fred Barnes's place?" asks McCreedy.

I say that until very recently it was.

"Oh, man!" says McCreedy. "I *love* that guy. Really? Fred Barnes?"

It is true.

"He's my man," says Mr. McCreedy, slapping me on the shoulder. It's all very Japanese. Neither of us wants to put a fine point on political disagreement, and so I've been granted the status of conservative by association.

After a bit Mr. McCreedy announces that it's time to "go chorin'."

On the way over in the car he gives me an idea what it's like to host a caucus. In the past couple of days Gramm has called six times, Buchanan twice and Keyes once. Alexander has sent McCreedy two books about himself and a videotape. Pollsters call the McCreedys about eight times a day. On the way down the driveway he spots a FedEx package poking out from his mail slot. "Maybe it's one of those shirts from Alexander," he says, laughing. It is! Or at least, it's a collection of Alexandriana. At length I ask him who he's for. "I'm undecided," he says. "A week ago I was for Forbes. Then I got my check—I was for Morry Taylor. Now I don't know—you gotta find me one who's gonna beat Bill Clinton. Which one you think?"

"None of them," I say.

"Damn!" he says, slamming his hand on the steering wheel. But he's a good sport about it. He's unhappy for about four seconds, and then he's rueful.

At length we arrive at the pig sheds, long, low-slung buildings lined with six- by five-foot metal troughs filled to the brim with oinkers. McCreedy opens the first door; I recoil and gag. The blast of odor is the most moving thing I've experienced on the campaign trail since I last heard Alan Keyes speak. "If you want to be a *billionaire*," says McCreedy, "you figure out how to take the smell outta hog shit—you'll be a billionaire." While I choke in the corner of his office, McCreedy marches through the pens unfazed, checking to see that the pigs have food and that none of them are dead. "I don't understand," he hollers out over the noise of the pigs. "When that McLaughlin hollers out '*Fred Beetlebum Barnes.*' What is that Beetlebum business? What's that about?" I have no idea.

A pig shed is organized like a college alumni parade—as you walk the length the pigs get younger until you arrive at the end and find the ones that have just been weaned. The shed I eventually toss feed into is filled with nursing piglets and sows about to give birth. In the first week of each piglet's short life Wilfred takes a pair of steel clippers and cuts their eyeteeth. "I'd like to do that to Eleanor Clift!" he booms out as I make my way down the row. "Clip her eyeteeth! Get Fred Barnes to hold her!"

A few hours later, at around seven o'clock, twenty-five voters arrive in the McCreedys' living room to discuss the candidates. Only three are even mentioned: Richard Lugar, Dole and Keyes. From the sounds of their talk the people in the room are divided between Keyes and Dole. Mixed in are few people who have bought Lugar's line that he is the last refuge of decency. Lugar supporters are a bit like Alexander supporters: they have persuaded themselves of the essential corruption of the other candidates. Keyes supporters, who you might expect to be that way, are not. That, I suppose, is the difference between genuine moral conviction and polite moral disapproval.

Just before 8:00 Mr. McCreedy passes around a pad of yellow Post-its. Two men then collect the votes in a silver pot and adjourn to the dining room table. There they quietly add the totals: Dole 11, Keyes 7, Alexander 4, Lugar 3. I ask Mr. McCreedy who he went for, and he laughs and says, "Guess." When the tally is announced to the room there is a murmur, and then someone shouts, "Wilfred, does that mean you got to give the $5,000 dollars back?" It's clear they all think that Morry was a fool: he spent five grand on the guy, and he couldn't even buy his vote. I prefer to see it another way. Who else but Morry Taylor could give a guy five grand and still leave him free to vote for whom he pleases? •

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A psychological portrait of Hillary.

ICE QUEEN, DRAG QUEEN

By Camille Paglia

Scene 1:

December 4, 1995. Trailed by television cameras, brightly smiling Hillary Rodham Clinton graciously conducts reporters through the First Lady's annual Christmas tour of the White House. Patiently pointing out charming knickknacks on the festooned trees, she rounds a corner and sees for the first time the kitchen staff's special surprise for her: a lavishly detailed gingerbread house, an exact replica of her childhood home in Park Ridge, Illinois. As she peers into its cleverly electric-lit interior, the cameras move in for a closeup, and her face tightens. The wall has been stripped from her old bedroom, and several million people are staring over her shoulder into her most private adolescent preserve. As if to expel us into the outdoors, she eagerly exclaims at a tiny street-corner sign, then launches into a story about her home's northern exposure: snow on the Rodham front lawn lasted all winter, longer than anywhere else on the street. Their snowman was the only one that never melted till spring.

Scene 2:

January 26, 1996. Like Roman aristocrats at the Colosseum, two wisecracking CNN correspondents lounge in deck chairs across the street from the federal court building in Washington, D.C. Behind them mill police officers and protesters holding a gigantic blue banner reading "IT'S ETHICS, STUPID!" The world is waiting for Hillary Clinton, who has become the first First Lady subpoenaed to testify before a grand jury. A limousine pulls up, and out steps not Hillary the shrewd lawyer or Hillary the happy homemaker but Hillary the radiantly glamorous movie star. Her blond hair is dramatically, seductively styled. She is wearing, quite improbably, a long black velvet coat trimmed with royalist gold brocade. Head high, she stalks grandly to the microphones and greets the press as if they were dear friends come to bid her well. Then, like Mary Queen of Scots on her way to the scaffold, she sweeps away for her grueling four-hour rendezvous with independent counsel Kenneth W. Starr.

These two scenes, so different on the surface, contain the key to one of the most fascinating yet baffling personalities of our time. Ice queen, drag queen: the Great White Feminist Hope is a far more conflicted and self-destructive creature than either her admirers or revilers understand. Free associating under uncomfortable public scrutiny, Hillary contemplating a sugared version of her long-lost childhood home eerily resembled another embattled public figure pulled back to the past—Richard Nixon invoking his "saint" of a mother in his rambling farewell speech to the White House staff. Hillary, trying to recreate the warmth of bygone family holidays, saw only the snowman who is herself—a proud, lonely, isolated consciousness on guard and ever vigilant, a powerful presence who even in high achievement hovers at the edges of communal experience. The woman her classmates called "Sister Frigidaire" has the "mind of winter" of Wallace Stevens's poem "The Snow Man." She, too, in Stevens's words, has "been cold a long time."

This coldness is the brittle brilliance of Hillary's calculating, analytic mind, which at its most legalistic has a haughty, daunting impersonality. It is also the genderlessness of a precocious firstborn child who modeled herself on her crustily independent father and who fought a long, quiet war of stubborn resistance against a hypercritical, puritanical mother. Hillary had to learn how to be a woman; it did not come easily or naturally. What we see in the present, superbly poised First Lady is a consummate theatrical artifact whose stages of self-development from butch to femme were motivated by unalloyed political ambition. She is the drag queen of modern politics, a bewitching symbol of professional women's sometimes-confused search for identity in this era of unlimited options.

America's first two-career presidential couple represents both a modern updating of the ancient practice of political marriage and a failed feminist experiment in redefinition of the sexes. Hillary was first attracted to Bill when she heard him boasting about the size of Arkansas' watermelons in the Yale Law School lounge. In her book she speaks of the "clean plate" system of her suburban youth, when her parents forced her and her two resentful brothers to eat "a catastrophe of calories" in deference to "starving children in faraway places." Bill's exotic, rural, sensually sweet and ripe watermelons were a symbol of freedom, fruitfulness and

CAMILLE PAGLIA is the author most recently of *Vamps & Tramps: New Essays* (Vintage Books).

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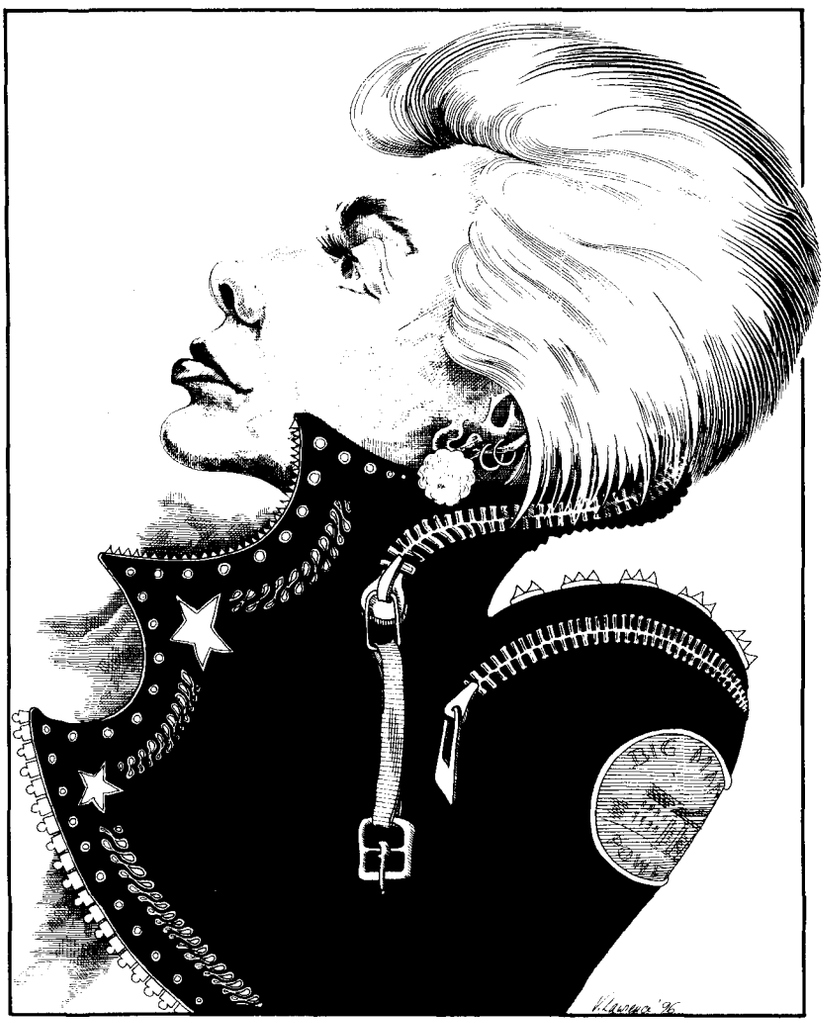
abundance. He was Female Man, whose boyish androgyny seemed to promise Hillary's feminist generation an escape from the sexist past. The irony is that Bill's aw-shucks, Huck Finn rap is one of the most effective womanizing styles of all time, triggering the caretaking maternalism in likely marks. Among Hillary's present humiliations is that Paula Jones's largely credible sexual harassment suit against Bill exposes Hillary's own romantic misjudgments: the sensitive New Man turned out to be just another old-fashioned masher and skirt-chaser.

A hostility to conventional masculinity can be detected, in both Clintons' past. Because his father died before he was born and his stepfather proved abusive, Bill had no immediate positive models of manhood. While she idolized her father and seems to have competed with her mother and siblings to be daddy's number one girl, Hillary also saw the psychic damage inflicted by his iron rule in their close-knit, secretive family. Just one brother, Hugh, has surfaced in the media, and he has the moist, pleading eyes of the son who can never cut it—like Bing Crosby's (later suicidal) sons or Fredo in *The Godfather*. Someone else had those wounded, haunted eyes: Vincent Foster, Hillary's Rose Law Firm partner who would follow the Clintons to Washington and die there.



HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In her book Hillary tells of an incident in grade school when an older boy from outside the area chased her, threw her to the ground and kissed her. She fled home "screaming" and washed her face "over and over again." The theme of male intrusion and contamination would recur in a pivotal public moment described by her classmates in an Arts and Entertainment Network biography. On the podium at her Wellesley College commencement in 1969, Hillary abandoned her prepared speech to berate the invited guest, Edward Brooke, the black U.S. senator from Massachusetts. Her confidantes' rationale for this high-handed rudeness, which infuriated college officials, is that Hillary was striking a youthful blow against the establishment represented by Republican Brooke. But I have another theory: Hillary was lashing out in a visceral response to the invasion of her all-women's school by a glamorous, lordly male who, from my one passing encounter with him as he sauntered elegantly down the Capitol steps in 1972, had a distinctly roving eye.

The sexual repressions and resentments of Hillary the snow queen would have long-reaching effects on policy when the Clintons arrived in Washington. With his reputation as a draft dodger, it was critical that Bill forcefully establish himself from day one as commander in chief of the armed forces. But far from reassuring skeptics, he compromised his nascent authority with appointments that, whatever their objective merits, made his administration seem a ragtag band of the neutered and the physically stunted. The most masculine Clinton appointee was Janet Reno. A disastrous consequence of the Clintons's discomfort with masculine men was their mishandling of the gays in the military issue, which went down in flames because of their obliviousness to the historic and still vibrant codes of warrior culture.

Tensions have been reported between Hillary and the first Secret Service agents assigned to her family, as well as with the governor's security detail in Little Rock who allegedly colluded in her husband's amorous escapades. The masculine is inherently vulgar and untrustworthy for her. Nor did she bother to conceal her contempt for machoism when, during Bill's time as governor, she pulled out a book on the fifty-yard line while he cheered on the University of Arkansas football team. Vincent Foster was Hillary's poetic soulmate in Little Rock, her gallant relief from Bill's huntin', fishin', golfin' buddies. Foster was another of her failed

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experiments in the new male, eventually collapsing under her expectations and his inability to protect her in Washington.

The masculine may have been taboo in Hillary's family partly because her mother was born to a 15-year-old girl, whose descendants might naturally see the male as raptor, exploiter, spoiler. Groomed to excel, young Hillary the thinker would sense the danger in seeming too feminine, which meant passive and vulnerable. Photos of her in law school and early in her marriage show that she used a frumpy, owlish, bookworm persona as an ardor-quenching, defensive tool. Like many gifted, ambitious women, she had difficulty integrating her intelligence with her sexuality. This sporadic chilliness (analogous to her obsession with privacy) would play a part in her husband's infidelities. Physically, Gennifer Flowers was Hillary without the ice—a doting, compliant geisha ever on call. In the fishbowl White House, it appears, Bill has risen to his responsibilities and courageously borne his lack of bimbo access. Chelsea, who looked like a war orphan compared to the ebullient Gore children in 1992, has flourished during her parents' renewed marriage.

When Bill lost his 1980 re-election bid in Arkansas, Hillary plunged into her first big makeover. It was "as if she went to cheerleader's school," remarked a Little Rock reporter. The present charismatic First Lady, with her chameleonlike blond hairdos, was born in that politically motivated self-transformation. Out went "Rodham," along with the horn-rimmed spectacles, and Bill triumphantly regained the governorship. Good student that she is, Hillary had discovered that the masks of femininity could be learned and appropriated to rise in the world. She had become a political drag queen, a master-mistress of gender roles. But her steely soul remains, the butch substrate that can be seen in the baleful, bloodless face of lawyer Susan Thomases, the intimate with whom she repeatedly conferred the night of Foster's suicide. Thomases can be seen as Hillary's dark side, her Janus twin or alter ego, a suspicious Medusa with the cold, dead eyes of a commissar. Along the continuum of sexual personae, Hillary is pulled between the poles of cordial, yielding Gennifer Flowers and grim, lantern-jawed Susan Thomases. One is the watermelon of lush, slippery fleshiness; the other is a stonily sealed, skull-like coconut (which in her book Hillary describes trying to crack one night against the governor's driveway), harsh, ungiving, withholding the milk of human kindness.

Thomases also symbolizes the now-doctrinaire mainstream feminism that endorses government oversight and regulation to cure social and sexual ills. Arriving in college as a conservative who had campaigned for Barry Goldwater in 1964, Hillary had a conversion experience at Wellesley from which she has never recovered. Within five years of her graduation, the Wellesley Center for Research on Women was founded and soon became a propaganda mill for victim rhetoric. Among its quack theories: Peggy McIntosh's claim that women and people of color are "lateral thinkers" and Nan Stein's labeling of boys who flip girls' skirts in elementary school as "gender terrorists." The high-toned old WASP citadels of Wellesley and Yale confirmed Hillary in her sense of entitlement and moral superiority, already in place from her Methodist upbringing where, she says, "We talked with God, walked with God, ate, studied, and argued with God." That elect strain in her is still all too evident in her hammering, hectoring, sermonizing delivery of major speeches, as at last year's U.N. conference on women in Beijing. She has words but no music; she is, she admits, "tone-deaf."

The '60s ferment from which Hillary's generation emerged had several distinct elements, each with its own subsequent tradition. The pro-porn, pro-pop culture wing of feminism to which I belong, for example, was defeated and has only recently enjoyed a resurgence. Hillary was on the winning side, along with Gloria Steinem and Catharine MacKinnon. All three overvalue the verbal realm and confuse good intentions with good effects. Hillary has the arrogant '60s sense of social mission, but her idealism took an authoritarian turn, a pattern William Blake and Charles Dickens divined in the philanthropists of their time. As a child advocate (a commitment dating from law school), Hillary promulgates an aggressive protectionism that nullifies the "biological rights" of birth parents and extends the period of incompetence of the young, whom she deems incapable of informed sexual choice until age 21. Hillary's career has been intricately intertwined with a heady plutocracy of lawyers, bureaucrats and special interest groups who encouraged her delusion that she and her coterie could quickly and unilaterally reform the nation's health care system. High I.Q. and despotic instincts are a dangerous combination in a democracy.

Which brings us to today, with Hillary trapped in a web of unconvincing denials and half-truths that she herself spun. She seems incapable of self-analysis or of leveling with the public. As a utilitarian, she lacks the sense of subtlety and ambiguity one gains from the study of art. Like many of her colleagues in the feminist establishment, she seems hostile to psychology and may have gravitated toward law as a way to avoid acknowledging the internecine complexities of family relationships. Her moral reasoning is deficient, since she begins with the a priori premise of her own virtue. Yet, with all that said, Hillary Clinton is now, and is likely to remain, a leading role model for women throughout the world. By focusing on children, her book usefully steers feminism away from sterile theory and back to basics. We are just at the start of what may be a lifelong soap opera, followed by millions. Like Judy Garland, Maria Callas or Madonna, with their excesses, heartbreaks, torments and comebacks, Hillary the man-woman and bitch-goddess has become a strange superstar whose rise and fall is already the stuff of myth. •

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PARTIAL TRUTHS

By Alissa Rubin

I am standing in the doorway of one of the operating rooms in an abortion clinic in the Deep South; the surgical lights are on, meaning a procedure is in progress. First I see thin arms, then—separately—the head dragged out; the baby has dark hair. Then one leg, then the other. The feet are very small. There is blood everywhere. It would have been a boy. Cindy, who was six months pregnant, is having an abortion.

I had covered abortion for years and thought I was detached, but the experience shook me. Cindy, a young-looking 23-year-old, and her mother had driven from Arkansas for the three-day procedure. Her mother told me that Cindy just didn't want the child. Initially, Cindy probably did not want to accept that she was pregnant. When she finally broke the news to her boyfriend, he told her to get an abortion, didn't offer to help pay for it and broke up with her shortly thereafter.

Her part-time waitressing job paid too little for her to afford the procedure on her own, so she waited. When Cindy finally walked into an abortion clinic in Little Rock, she was twenty weeks pregnant, and the clinic did not perform abortions beyond eighteen weeks. "She had no idea she was so far along," said her mother. It took another three weeks for her to locate a clinic that would do abortions past twenty weeks, but by then it cost $1,200 so she called her mother for help. The clinic was one of about seventy-five nationwide that perform abortions up to twenty-four weeks.

When Congress took up legislation to outlaw certain late-term abortions last fall, my first response was that it seemed an almost rational thing to do. Watching abortions at six months, when the fetus is recognizably human and on the verge of life, I had felt myself in an ethical no-man's-land. How could a doctor at that stage of pregnancy know for sure whether he or she was killing a viable human being? While it is impossible for such premature births to survive without extensive life support, with such help a few do live. Should we require some sort of heightened justification for an abortion at this stage? Should the decision to abort depend on whether the fetus is unhealthy and unlikely to live, or whether the woman had a medical reason for needing the abortion?

As it turns out, the answer to these questions—even if they could be found—would shed little light on the legislative decision Congress has now made. For the bills recently passed by the House and Senate (but not yet sent to the president) ban abortions not according to the stage at which they occur, or the medical circumstances of the woman, but according to the particular abortion method chosen by the doctor. In short, Congress' action would leave Cindy's abortion legal and criminalize those like the one recently obtained by Viki Wilson.

Viki, a nurse, and her husband, Brian, an emergency room physician, are parents of two children and desperately wanted a third. The baby would have been called Abigail. They held a baby shower, they decorated a nursery, they bought baby clothes. Then, in the eighth month of pregnancy, Viki went for a routine test and discovered that her daughter had a rare fetal anomaly. Her brain was growing outside of her skull. Abigail would die at birth if not before. "You ask God," she said softly, "'why did this happen?'"

Viki was told that if she carried Abigail to term and attempted to deliver her it could rupture her cervix or damage her uterus—rendering her sterile; caesarean section was ruled out by her doctor because, like all major surgery, it carries risks. So the Wilsons decided that Viki should become one of the 15,000 women every year who, because of fetal abnormalities, abort their babies. Although 90 percent of the 1.5 million abortions performed each year occur in the first three months of pregnancy, most abortions for fetal abnormalities occur after the third month of pregnancy because only then do prenatal tests detect such problems. Only a very small number of these are performed after six months, but some abnormalities—like Abigail's—do not show up until then, when they are detected by ultrasound tests.

Viki and Brian went to Dr. Jim McMahon in Los Angeles, a nationally known expert in performing third-trimester abortions. Dr. McMahon (who died in November) was one of two physicians who routinely performed late abortions by a method that he called "intact dilation and evacuation." Dr. McMahon would dilate the mother's cervix for two to three days until it was large enough to move a baby through. Then, in most cases, he would pull the fetus out by the legs. When all but the head was delivered, he would put a needle, or sometimes a sharp surgical instrument, into the base of the

ALISSA RUBIN is a senior writer at *Congressional Quarterly*.

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skull and aspirate out some of the brain fluid, allowing the skull to partly collapse and an intact fetus to be delivered. It has been suggested by the National Right to Life Committee that because of the exact way in which Dr. McMahon performed the abortion on Viki, it might not have been covered by the definition of "partial birth" abortion in the bills in Congress. However, the point seems largely academic since the bills clearly aim to ban the type of "intact dilation and evacuation" abortion that Dr. McMahon performed.

This abortion method may be preferable to the kind Cindy obtained (in which the fetus is dismembered in the womb) because it is faster, there is less blood loss, and there may be less risk of laceration to the mother's cervix since the fetus is intact rather than crushed, according to Dr. David Grimes, vice chairman of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of California Medical School at San Francisco. However, not all doctors agree, and even some who perform late-term abortions argue that because the baby has to be manipulated into the correct position, the "intact dilation and evacuation" method risks damage to the mother's uterus.

When and how does the baby die in this procedure? This question obsesses both sides of the late-term abortion debate. Does it die, as National Right to Life insists, when the baby is all but delivered and just the head remains in the birth canal? The image of a baby nearly pulled out of the mother alive and then killed is terrifying. If the fetus dies when it is almost outside the womb, terminating the pregnancy seems perilously close to infanticide. But pro-choice groups contend this is not what happens. Rather, the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League has claimed that in an "intact D and E" procedure the fetus dies peacefully from anesthesia given to the mother during the operation.

Neither side's contention turns out to be entirely true. "This whole debate has been rampant with misinformation by both sides," says Grimes. "Anesthesia does not automatically cause fetal death; it depends on the type of anesthesia, the fetus's condition [whether it has a severe abnormality] and the stage of the pregnancy." Statements by other obstetricians, including Dr. Martin Haskell, who does late-term abortions by the same method as McMahon, as well as testimony from the American Association of Anesthesiologists suggest that probably a majority of the fetuses are alive during the procedure.

If the pro-life groups are closer to the truth scientifically, the conclusion they draw seems wide of the mark. By emphasizing that the fetus remains alive, they suggest that the procedure is especially barbaric. But no one can pretend that other methods of late-term abortion—like the one Cindy had—are really morally or medically preferable to Viki's. For instance, in Cindy's abortion, the fetus was certainly dead by the time it was pulled out, but only because it had been dismembered in her womb. So why has Congress decided to outlaw only the small number of abortions performed annually by the method performed on Viki? The National Abortion Federation and other abortion experts estimate that between 450 and 500 of the abortions performed after twenty weeks are done by the "intact D and E" method. The total number of annual abortions performed after twenty weeks by all methods is about 15,000, according to the Alan Guttmacher Institute, a non-profit research group that gathers the most comprehensive abortion statistics in the United States.

It was shrewd political judgment that led to Congress' legislative choice. Pro-life legislators sought to highlight abortion's most upsetting aspects by awakening the public to a method they could depict in particularly disturbing ways. Advertisements have depicted a model of a fetus outside the womb with surgical scissors poised to be inserted in its skull. Douglas Johnson, legislative director of National Right to Life, acknowledges that even though outlawing this method will not save very many babies, the message itself is strategically important. "We would hope that, as the public learns what a 'partial birth abortion' is, they might also learn something about other abortion methods and that this would foster a growing opposition to abortion," says Johnson. Anti-abortion advocates have coined the term "partial birth abortion" to describe Dr. McMahon's abortion method.

Abortion opponents see the "partial birth" issue as a way to take advantage of the shift in Congress produced by the 1994 elections. In addition, Right to Life and other anti-abortion groups closely watch Supreme Court precedent and were looking for an abortion ban that might withstand the Court's scrutiny. Anti-abortion advocates argue that if a doctor has delivered all of a fetus except its head, then it is no longer an unborn person but a partially born one and therefore should elicit the Court's protection.

But as abortion opponents realize, this ban could provide an opening for the Court to go further and expand the range of abortion restrictions permitted under the Constitution. Until now, the Court has said that, after viability, any restriction on abortion must include an exception for the mother's life and health. The exception for life is undisputed, but the health exception has irked anti-abortion advocates since the 1973 case *Doe* v. *Bolton*, when the Court defined health as any physical or emotional problem.

Abortion opponents argue that this definition is so broad that it permits even purely elective abortions, and they omitted any health exceptions from the bill pending in Congress. Confronted by the stark reality of "partial birth" abortion, the Court might decide that only purely physical threats to health need be accommodated after viability. Such a ruling would represent a significant victory for anti-abortion groups, especially if it were linked to the "partial birth" abortion procedure, which is performed both before and after viability. In other words, if the Court upheld a ban on an entire method of abortion except when needed for the physical health of the mother, abortion opponents would have taken a giant step toward generally limiting abortion even before viability. "This legislation was designed to give anti-abortion [advocates] an opportunity ... to create a wedge to limit the health exception.... [T]hey just want any way they

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can find, any formula that will allow the life of the fetus to supersede a woman's health," says Kathryn Kolbert, vice president of the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, a non-profit group that supports abortion rights.

While focusing on one gruesome method of abortion may well succeed strategically, it deprives the public of a terribly important debate: Under what circumstances should post-viability abortions be legal? Both pro-life and pro-choice advocates shy away from this question because to answer it requires recognizing the many circumstances in which late-term abortions occur. When context is added, a black and white issue becomes gray. Purists lose ground.

Abortion-rights advocates hate to admit that at least some late-term abortions, like Cindy's at twenty-three-and-a-half weeks, are elective and thus, in most peoples' minds, indefensible. Anti-abortion advocates refuse to acknowledge that some women have abortions late in pregnancy for extremely compelling reasons. Both sides' refusal to take an honest look at the moral and medical complexities is disappointing, but also politically expedient.

Once these complexities are considered, the task of legislating abortion restrictions becomes more difficult. For instance, like all other abortion bans since the late nineteenth century, the Senate's version of the "partial birth" abortion bill (the one expected to be sent to the president) includes an exception so that a doctor can legally perform any type of abortion necessary to keep the mother from dying.

But this exception is clearer in theory than in practice. A pregnancy can dangerously exacerbate a woman's diabetic condition, for example, potentially causing blindness, but who can know whether the risk will prove fatal? Or what about my friend Gina, who, just over six months pregnant with her second child, discovered she had breast cancer? Her doctors recommended immediate radiation treatment and chemotherapy but told her she would need an abortion before she could start since the drugs would poison her baby. She chose to continue the pregnancy, and only time will tell whether she shortened her life as a mother by doing so. Is that a life of the mother situation? Who should make the decision in cases like this: Congress, by writing a law that lists all the situations in which a life of the mother exception pertains? A jury and judge, who apply a legal standard? Or a doctor and a mother?

And how could Congress legislate an exception for fetal abnormalities? Must the doctor be certain that the fetus will die immediately? What about children who survive in a severely deformed state, perhaps needing multiple operations? Which deformities count? According to abortion opponents, women should carry all deformed pregnancies to term and then allow their babies to die. "We don't believe that sick babies—babies with disabilities—should be pulled out by the legs and struck through the head; we believe they should live out their life—whether it's a few minutes or six hours," said Right to Life's Johnson. Some women tell moving stories of giving birth to babies destined to die. Indeed, some find gratification in donating the baby's organs to another baby who needs them to survive.

But for some women the idea of carrying a fatally deformed fetus to term is almost unbearable. All they want is to end its doomed existence and begin to grieve. Nina became pregnant with her third child in the early 1960s in a small Southern town. When she was seven months pregnant she was told her baby had no head and would die at birth. But abortion was illegal. During those final months of pregnancy, her family shunned her as the mother-to-be of a "monster." Nina's mother refused to talk about the problem, so did her husband, and for two months as her belly swelled and she knew she was carrying a child who would die, she felt completely alone. "If I could have had an abortion I would have avoided the next two months of pregnancy and the next thirty years," says Nina. "It's taken me that long, but now when people say, 'How many children do you have?' I say, 'Three children; one died.' "

What if the fetus will survive but never look physically normal or be mentally whole? James McMahon, Viki's doctor, submitted to Congress a study of his cases dating back several years in which some (albeit a minority) involved such relatively minor flaws as cleft palates. The idea of aborting a child for a cleft palate hearkens disturbingly back to 1930s eugenics. Should parents decide—with a view to their own emotional and financial resources—whether these offspring should live or die, or can we as a society decide?

Then there are elective abortions, where women like Cindy, for financial or psychological reasons, do not get around to having the abortion earlier. Dr. McMahon's list suggests that often these are very young women, but they can be ambivalent women of any age. Perhaps it would be possible to draw a line and insist that after six months, no abortions would be available except in cases of physical illness and fatal fetal deformity. But what of the woman who is so deeply depressed by her pregnancy that she becomes suicidal? The moment one thinks of writing an exception for extreme mental circumstances, abortion opponents will argue that some doctors may view any mental health reason as potentially fitting that description.

"These are situations where for the people involved all of the choices are unacceptable," said Dr. Ezra Davidson, chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the King/Drew Medical Center in Los Angeles. "These decisions must be made given peoples' emotional, religious and medical situations.... Outlawing a method of abortion may impose impossible constraints. There is no way you can anticipate all the circumstances."

Viki shows me photographs of Abigail after the abortion. Brian is holding her in his arms. She is a sweet-looking child with dark hair; a blanket is wrapped around her head to hide the part where the brain is outside the skull. "Because of Dr. McMahon's procedure, she came out whole. I didn't want my daughter to be mutilated. We wanted to hold her, and have some time to say goodbye," said Viki. Brian wrote a poem for Abigail. They are still mourning. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Some Survived

Most of us think we know all there is to know about Anne Frank. Jon Blair's documentary **Anne Frank Remembered** (Sony Pictures Classics) proves that this is both true and untrue. The film adds little to previous factual knowledge, but it deepens our connections with the story through the power of film itself. Seeing the places involved as cursive illustrations of the narrative—the hidden apartment, the streets of Amsterdam as they were then and are now—but especially seeing the interviews with survivors, brings us the chill of enlargement. Some of the interviews evoke an almost sanctifying awe.

The tale is told cogently, with voice-over by Kenneth Branagh, who speaks calmly but not dispassionately. We trace, with Blair's deft editing, the Frank family's origins in Germany, their flight from Hitler to Holland, their reestablishment in Amsterdam as Otto Frank succeeds in business, the blossoming of Anne—called Anna by her family—her election of her diary as a secret friend whom she names Kitty, the family's enforced concealment, the care provided by Mr. Frank's former employees. (I don't agree with Blair's decision to use a mature woman, Glenn Close, to read the diary excerpts.)

The story moves to its ghastly finish even as the Allied armies are battling north through Belgium. The newest elements in the story, lately discovered, are the letters that Otto Frank wrote, after his liberation, to his mother, who was in Switzerland. He did not yet know of the fate of his wife and two daughters, from whom he had been separated.

But it's the interviews that are especially piercing. First, those with Otto Frank, made in 1979. Second, those with a school chum of Anne's who was on the opposite side of barbed wire from Anne at Belsen yet managed to speak to her. (Wryly, yet affectionately, she remembers the headstrong Anne she had known earlier. "God knows everything. Anna knows it better.") Third, and overpowering, those with Miep Gies.

Viennese by birth, comfy-faced and bespectacled, she was one of the Frank employees who supplied and protected the Frank family and the friends who were with them. Those employees were all non-Jewish, of course. Miep Gies speaks of those days quite undramatically, not in the least like a heroine (or precisely like a heroine), as if it were all just a patch of bad weather they had endured. In one sequence the son of a dentist who hid with the Franks comes to thank Miep for the help she gave his father. His eyes fill with tears; she is friendly, but not especially moved. She behaves as if she were being thanked unduly for doing what was only her duty.

Then there's the matter of the diary itself. When the Franks were arrested, a Gestapo official emptied Otto Frank's briefcase onto the floor. Nothing of interest to him. But the diary was among those papers. Miep Gies saved it and hid it. Then—and this seems to me especially poignant—when Otto Frank returned after the war, Miep did not immediately give him the diary. She waited until Anne's death was confirmed. She safeguarded the child's privacy, even from her father, as long as Anne might still be living.

What a funny name, Miep Gies. What a great soul. Often, when the Holocaust is discussed, there is much talk of the mystery of evil. The mystery of goodness is just as deep.

Vukovar (Tara) exemplifies a familiar phenomenon. An artist sets out to tell the truth about something, but he is such a poor artist that, despite his veristic intent, the result is false.

Boro Draskovic, the director, who wrote this film with Maja Draskovic, wanted to tell a story of Balkan war as, early in the 1990s, it struck the Croatian town of Vukovar and drove a wedge between the Croatians and Serbs who had long been living there together. In this effort Draskovic has spared no dramatic or cinematic cliché. A pair of young people fall in love. He is Serbian; she (therefore, one may say) is Croatian. War arrives shortly before their wedding, and their bliss, which has been patently set up to be destroyed, *is* destroyed.

His parents emigrate. She, pregnant, goes to live with her parents. One horror follows another, as we would expect from our knowledge of the past five years; but we hadn't expected to see these horrors in confectionery colors with camera setups that look like nineteenth-century stagecraft and with everything crammed

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Angels and Insects. *An A.S. Byatt novella dexterously transformed into cinema by Philip Haas. In mid-Victorian England, moral anarchy is revealed under seeming decorum. Trenchant. (Reviewed 2/19/96)* **Lamerica.** *In post-Communist Albania a young Italian con man and an 80-year-old Hoxha victim make their way toward two different kinds of freedom. Unsententiously profound. (1/29/96)* **Nixon.** *Once again Oliver Stone feverishly overrides historical details to dramatize large themes. Not as focused as "JFK," but it has Anthony Hopkins's magnificent performance. (1/22/96)* **Sense and Sensibility.** *A delight in every way. Emma Thompson, who adapted Austen, acts enchantingly. The whole cast shines, as does Ang Lee's sensitive directing. (1/8&15/96)*—**SK**

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into structural sterotypes. Two instances. Near the end the young man weaves his way through enemy lines to be with his wife—contrivance and setting that make operetta out of horror. Subsequently, all alone, she gives birth, attended only by a dog who keeps padding around. How the baby survived, how the mother survived, how she even cut the umbilical cord, are all taken care of as magically as in any Doris Day picture of the past.

The last sequence is a long panoramic helicopter shot of Vukovar, devastated and empty. The utter desolation of this view makes the preceding film seem all the more hammy.

Vukovar was to be shown at a U.N. conference last year, but twenty minutes before the screening, the event was canceled because of Croatian protests. (Draskovic, the son of Croatian and Bosnian parents, lives in Belgrade.) The film's enthusiasts contended that it is a plea for peace and tolerance, even-handed, objective. It's objective enough; as a film, though, it's dreadful.

In 1982 the Dutch filmmaker Marleen Gorris wrote and directed *A Question of Silence* in which three women, unknown to one another and without prior plan, murder the male owner of an Amsterdam boutique. They do this merely because he is a man. We have seen, or later see, how all three women have suffered at men's hands. The film's base was that male guilt in general toward women justified the murder of any man, an assumption that bothered surprisingly few.

Two years later Gorris made *Broken Mirrors*, in which a correlation was worked out between life in a brothel and the serial crimes of a man who tortures women, then kills them. The unifying element was the degradation—and worse—of women by men for male pleasure.

Now Gorris presents **Antonia's Line** (First Look). This is a relatively traditional family tale of life in rural Holland. Its relation to earlier Gorris films is not through angry feminism but simply that the story is centrally about determined women. The film opens with Antonia, an elderly farm woman played by the solid and beautiful Willeke van Ammelrooy, awaking; and knowing that, though she is not ill, she is going to die that day. She summons her family and friends, and as they gather, the film recounts how they all arrived at this point in their lives.

Antonia, a widow, returns to her native village with her teenage daughter just as World War Two ends. She takes over the family farm. (A visual duo is made of Antonia and the grand, broad-chested farm horse she sometimes rides: both are large and lovely.) Her daughter grows, goes to art school, wants a baby without marriage, and gets one; and that daughter, too, has a daughter before the film ends.

Braided with this central line are other village stories: among them the village louse (a rapist), the village philosopher whose pessimism makes Schopenhauer sound blithe, a male and female loony who marry, a priest who defrocks himself in order to become a different sort of father. Every role is well-acted. Everything is photographed by Willy Stassen so fetchingly that a good deal of time we want to be there.

The only trouble with the film is that—in effect, if not in detail—it's very familiar. It's one more generational tale that, though not unblemished by troubles, is meant to show how lives move on as the seasons move on and how the cycle keeps cycling. Its chief variation is that the view is matriarchal, not patriarchal. The overall result is as if Gorris had crammed her strong feminism into a prettified package. •

Robert Brustein on Theater

More Noise Than Funk

Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk has been playing to packed houses at the New York Public Theatre for some weeks now, and soon will be selling out on Broadway. Subtitled "A Tap/Dance Discourse on the Staying Power of the Beat," the evening has been conceived and directed by the talented George C. Wolfe and choreographed by the brilliant young dancer Savion Glover, who also performs. With four frenetic tappers pounding the stage floor to splinters, two galvanized drummers whacking away as if possessed, and a powerful jazz singer screeching at high decibel level, the show has the capacity to induce a state of pandemonium, perhaps at the cost of your ear drums. At the performance I attended, people rose to their feet and roared, and I am bound to report that even those remaining seated seemed totally enthralled by the evening's dynamics.

But *Noise/Funk* aspires to be considerably more than a work of rousing entertainment. The trademark of the show is 'Da Beat (as identified in an overhead stage projection). And with 'Da Beat serving as a metaphor for African American history, and tap as its singular racial inheritance, the evening is less an exhibition of black talent than a chronicle of black oppression, viewed through the prism of jazz dance. As such, *Noise/Funk* had a profoundly dispiriting effect on me, for all its theatrical expertise.

Like George C. Wolfe's *The Colored Museum*, *Noise/Funk* is a structure of historical episodes with satirical overtones—but unlike that youthful work (or the playwright's more mature *Jelly's Last Jam*), it displays not a whit of self-satire or self-examination. Instead, blacks are consistently paraded before us as victims of racial prejudice, while their primary forms of expression—rhythm, jazz and tap dancing—are treated as African inheritances expropriated for commercial purposes by a venal white society.

There is no evidence whatever in this marathon display of victimology that tap is one of the few forms of American popular culture unimpeded by race or ethnicity. But, as a matter of fact, tap dancing originated (in the nineteenth century) as a compound of many percussive dance styles—not only African, but English, Irish and Scotch as well. During the Jazz Age, black street kids (known as "pickaninnies") often used to back up white singers like Sophie Tucker and Cosie Smith, and many of them matured into vaudeville stars. But in addition to such fabled black tap dancers as Buck and Bubbles, the Nicholas Brothers, the Choclateers, Gregory Hines, the great Charles "Honi" Coles and the immortal Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, tap was also the domain of many inspired white performers, notably Louis DaPron, Ruby Keeler, George Murphy, Ann Miller, Donald O'Connor, Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly, among countless others.

Indeed, tap dancing was one of the very few expressions of American culture that knew no racial divisions. This is not to say, of course, that early show business was free of prejudice. All but a few blacks (celebrities like Ethel Waters, Joe Louis and Bojangles himself) were habitually refused entrance to the Cotton Club, though it was situated right in the center of Harlem, on Lenox Avenue and 142nd Street. And it was years before black entertainers could perform on the vaudeville stage. But whatever their experience with prej-

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udice, the early black entertainers were generally free of racial resentment. Leonard Reed, who invented the Shim Sham Shimmy, mingled with whites all his life and, except during his carnival days, rarely saw another black performer. His experience was not unusual. "I never thought of color," said the black dancer Willie Covan. "I honestly didn't think of no prejudice. White or colored. It didn't matter to me. No, all I thought about was dancin'."

Noise/Funk also thinks a lot about dancing, but what really obsesses its creators is color. In a satiric episode called "The Uncle Huck-a-Buck Song," a black hoofer (clearly modeled on Bill Robinson) has a dialogue with a white, blond doll called "Li'l Darlin'" (clearly modeled on Shirley Temple). The major issue between them is that Li'l Darlin' makes a lot more money than Uncle Huck-a-Buck. The truth is that the relationship between Bojangles and the child star Shirley Temple was one of intense mutual affection (and, yes, it is also true he always called her "darling"). Indeed, in the four films they made together, Robinson and Temple represented the first interracial couple in Hollywood history. Any resentment is the invention of latter-day revisionism where, in the mythology of modern black separatists, interracial friendship is either a form of Uncle Tomism or a façade concealing seething hatreds. Wolfe's Uncle Huck-a-Buck episode reminded me of LeRoy Jones's play *Jello*, in which Rochester threatens Jack Benny with a razor and steals all his money.

Wolfe satirizes whites not only for stealing black art forms but also for their own feeble cultural expressions. One brief moment features a particularly gleeful sendup of classical ballet, with one of the tappers getting up on his toes and mincing across the stage. But the best black tap dancers, artists such as Fayard Nicholas for example, created a style which fused tap, fantastic acrobatics and balletic leaps and turns, while Bill Robinson danced on his toes all the time. Fred Astaire's contribution to the form was his extraordinary capacity to unite the grace of ballroom dancing with the electric beat of tap. Even his walk—the springy lope of a cheetah preparing to run—was a special form of dance. And the late great Gene Kelly managed to combine the calisthenics of an acrobat with the athletic grace of a Martha Graham dancer, choreographing numbers with a cartoon mouse, with his own image, and with an umbrella while sloshing about in two inches of water.

Noise/Funk chooses to ignore these creative contributions, possibly because some have white origins, relying instead on a style of tap dancing that eventually comes to seem extremely repetitive. "In the beginning there was 'Da Beat," Wolfe's narrator declares at the start of the show as the sound of tapping is heard behind a blue show curtain. But 'Da Beat of *Noise/Funk* rarely varies in rhythm. This kind of beat is best described as "tap rap," because, like hip-hop, it is angry, staccato and percussive, as if the dancers were stomping on the faces of their oppressors. (The music by Anne Duquesnay, Zane Mark and Daryl Waters is similarly limited in its rhythm and melodic line.) As for the lyrics, and the narrative spoken by Reg E. Gaines, they are often rendered incomprehensible by the unbalanced mix of the amplification system. Too much coherent speech or song is swamped by the loud cadences of 'Da Beat. Through the hands and feet of the four ecstatic dancers and the two tireless drummers pummeling white plastic tubs, the cultural links with continental Africa are clearly established. But unlike tap rap, African drums were also a form of telegraphic communication.

In the beginning was 'Da Beat, in this revisionist version of Genesis, and in the beginning there were also slave ships, which begat whippings, lynchings, beggary, unemployment, imprisonment, drug addiction, race riots, lootings and "burn baby burn," the epic history of racial injustice in white America. In its two-hour journey from the seventeenth century to the present, *Noise/Funk* leaves no racist issue untouched. Blacks are ordered off trolley cars by white conductors, dragged into the streets and beaten by white policemen, exploited by white businessmen. And they also resist the white power structure. A drug dealer testifies that he'd rather sell crack than work for the minimum wage. Al Sharpton and Louis Farrakhan make obligatory appearances. (Naturally there is no mention of Martin Luther King.)

All this is true, but it is not the whole truth. *Noise/Funk* would have been a stronger work had it looked beyond its own narrow confines. It might have included some sign of how things have improved for some black people, some acknowledgment of the successes of the growing black middle classes, some hint of how blacks are now being represented in the universities, the media and the professions. Oh yes, there is one character representing Colin Powell (and carrying his new book) who comes on stage to dance with street kids. But even he ends up giving the audience the finger. The evening concludes with the performers taking confessional turns, *A Chorus Line*-style, to describe their personal histories, the influence of their families and their debt to dancing ("tap sort of like saved me"). No allusion to affirmative action, no evidence of the efforts being made by white society to atone for past injustices.

All of this is admittedly well performed by the cast, and expertly directed by Wolfe, using projections to facilitate his whirlwind trip through history. But the major effect of the evening is to reinforce the old stereotype that black people have a great sense of rhythm. As for whites, they are left with a great and lonely sense of apartness. Aside from that little blond doll, no non-black is represented in this expurgated History of Tap, and none is even mentioned except as a purveyor of oppression.

Yes, large pockets of racism are still to be found in our country. But the entertainment world in general, and the theater in particular, has been chief among those agencies trying to break down the remaining boundaries between the races. There is no doubt that some black leaders have been preaching separatism and exclusion, and black anger sells very well these days to guilty white audiences. But there are other audiences, including some of those rising so readily to their feet at the close of *Noise/Funk*, who are beginning to find these ritual expressions of anger a little opportunistic and not a little boring.

Aside from being producer of one of the largest theatrical empires in the country, George C. Wolfe has participated in a number of high-royalty Broadway hits. Rather than take his instruction on the subject of racial inequality, we might do well to listen to Ellen Stewart of La Mama, a black woman who has fought all her life to preserve her fragile but invaluable theatrical enterprise with very little help from white liberal society. Indeed, the Carter administration sliced her NEA funding in half because they didn't find it "American" enough.

"Many times I have been called in and asked," Stewart said in a recent interview, " 'Why don't you do more for your race? You could be funded differently. Why don't you do so-called American playwrights?' But I think in world terms. I believe we are one race, and everybody is in that race." That kind of thinking, which refuses to make distinctions among artists on the basis of color or nationality or gender, which insists on inclusion rather than exclusion, is hardly fashionable with the current tribalism known as multiculturalism and cultural diversity. But it represents, as *Noise/Funk* does not, the only kind of thinking that prepares the way for great art, and builds the path to a reconciled society. •

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Suffer the Little Children

By Jean Bethke Elshtain

It Takes a Village And Other Lessons Children Teach Us by Hillary Rodham Clinton

(Simon and Schuster, 319 pp., $20)

Guide My Feet: Prayers and Meditations on Loving and Working for Children by Marian Wright Edelman

(Beacon Press, 240 pp., $17.95)

I grew up in a village. It was Timnath, Colorado, population 185. It was a real place on a map, even if it didn't show up on many maps; a bounded space. It contained the usual assortment of human souls. There was a town drunk, Pete Morton, who passed out candy corn by the handful on Halloween, though mothers warned their children to stay away from his door; I told my sisters that it wasn't Christian to ignore Pete and his candy corn, so we always ventured forth and knocked on his door and made a killing. An eccentric widow, Mrs. Bates, on special occasions would give you hot fresh raised doughnuts, just fried and sprinkled with sugar, but first you had to sing "Jesus Loves Me" and "What a Friend We Have In Jesus." One of our neighbor ladies, an overworked mother of four children who grew up to be a distinguished theologian, was widely regarded by the other women in town as a bad housekeeper and somewhat heretical. She had been known to voice skepticism about the Virgin Birth. Her bad housekeeping was evidenced by the fact that, when she hung her clothes out to dry, she "mixed up" the white clothes with the colored clothes and didn't match the socks on the line. I never quite got the point of such orderly laundry, but for my mother and others it was an issue, a demonstration of incompetence that called this lady's character into question.

There was one town church, officially Presbyterian but more or less generically Protestant, presided over by Reverend Harold ("Hap") Handley, who liked to brandish visual aids during sermons: a bottle of whiskey when he denounced the depredations of alcohol consumption, a loaf of bread that had been hollowed out inside (I forget what this was meant to illustrate). I decided that I hated him when he shot a stray dog, a dog I had been feeding. Dog slaughter didn't seem awfully Christian to me: Weren't we all God's creatures? At the next Sunday service, sitting in the second pew with my family, I ostentatiously plugged both ears with my fingers throughout his entire sermon. The aftermath was not pleasant.

There were Mexican-Americans in the village—"Mexican" was a term of respect—and we knew that they practiced an exotic and morally lax faith, which permitted them to sin and then gain easy penance by "paying the priest." Someone told me that and I believed them. My father, a decent and kind man, insisted that we learn to know people by name and face, not by categories. "The Mexicans," he said, "are people with families, too." They were the Gutierrezes and the Barroses and the Hernandezes and they were to be thought of as neighbors. Ah, the neighbors. Always a mixed blessing. A blessing without a doubt, but mixed. They helped and they meddled. They would without hesitation grab a child poised treacherously on the edge of the irrigation ditch; but they also condemned hair styles, clothing that "showed too much," poor housekeeping and loose ways in general. They rallied and they ostracized. That is what real neighbors do. You can't have it both ways. If they care enough to help, they also have the power—indeed, they would say, the responsibility—to chasten, to correct, to chastise.

That's what actual villages are about. When I was 13 or 14 or so, and reading Sinclair Lewis, I railed against village small-mindedness. I thundered about hypocrisy and held forth against mendacity and yearned for the wider world beyond. Now that I have passed the mid-century mark, I cherish that collection of decent and eccentric folks, meddlers and miscreants, hard-working and feckless fathers and mothers and their various offspring. Some did well; some did good; some turned bad.

Hillary Rodham Clinton claims to understand that "the village must remain personal," that certain tasks—"talking to a baby while changing a diaper, playing airplane to entice a toddler to accept a spoonful of food, tossing a ball back and forth with a teenager"—are tasks that "cannot be carried out in cyberspace." But she extends the metaphor of the village to the breaking point—no, beyond it. What one gets, by the end of her book, is a long shopping list of organizations and initiatives and policies and experts fanning out across the countryside to "help" people in various ways, whether the people in question have asked for it or not. In Clinton's telling, the response of the persons thus helped is always gratitude and appreciation, never irritation or perplexity or "mind your own business."

It takes a village, but the village that it takes swiftly turns into the "global village," and that is no village at all. Clinton tries to justify the extension of her metaphor by arguing that the village is evolving: "[it] can no longer be defined as a place on a map, or a list of people or organizations, but its essence remains the same: it is the network of values and relationships that support and affect our lives." Since this encompasses just about everything one can imagine, depending upon how strenuously one defines "affect," what is left of the village, with its ornery, embodied, limited, lively folks? Not a whole lot, I fear—not unless one believes that a string of people arrayed at various geographical points, from parents in the home to child advocates in Washington, D.C., from Aunt Mabel to Marian Wright Edelman, somehow constitute a "village." But this does violence to the vocations of Aunt Mabel and Edelman, respectively, by politicizing what Aunt Mabel does and depoliticizing what Edelman does. Clinton glues them meaninglessly together as villagers concerned about "all our children," and they are both, therefore, raising each and every child. Somehow.

The dictionary tells me that a village is "any small aggregation of houses in the country, in general less in number than in a town or city and more than in a hamlet." That pretty much captures Timnath, Colorado. But it has nothing to do with Clinton's village, which has become a juggernaut of parents, or whatever is left of parents, neighbors, or whatever is left of neighbors, judges, lawyers, the police, all educators everywhere,

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politicians (the "non-regressive" ones), the media (good and very bad), doctors, psychiatrists, child welfare bureaus, "civil society," the food industry, the clothing industry. This is a boundary-less village. How, then, does it pitch in to raise a child?

Clinton seems to believe that the answer to that troublesome question will be furnished by the children themselves, and so does Edelman. The children teach us the lessons we need to learn on this score. And on many scores: "Some of the best theologians I have ever met," writes Clinton, "were five-year-olds." Clinton finds wisdom in tots and minors everywhere. And her concern for children appears to have grown into an entire politics, in which everything is measured according to its impact on, or relation to, children. President Clinton illustrated this perspective in his State of the Union address, when he proudly announced that "for the first time since the dawn of the nuclear age there is not a single Russian missile pointed at America's children." But the strategic arsenal of the Soviet Union was never pointed specifically or exclusively at children. In American politics in recent years, this sentimental simplification has become the bipartisan platitude of choice, not least because the mention of kids has a way of disarming criticism. And so it is important to remember that raising children decently is vital, but it is not the only thing adults do.

HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In Clinton's child-centric view of the world, children seem especially effective at teaching those called child "advocates." The term is telling. It is legalistic. An *advocatus*, in Roman law, was one summoned or called to another, especially in a court of justice: one who pled a cause. The advocate "speaks for or on behalf of others," often those who are construed as voiceless. Thus the term has its perils: it invites recourse to the courts, and more generally it invites moralistic overreach, paternalism and a limitless extension of sympathy that casts a pall over political debate because it transforms one's opponents into nasty depredators who mean to do children harm.

This is most glaringly evident in Edelman's *Guide My Feet*, a collection of "prayers and meditations on loving and working for children." Consider, for example, her Christmas prayer. The prayer begins by noting "the irony of some political leaders proposing (and citizens permitting) policies that would result in millions more children becoming destitute, homeless, and hungry, and even being placed in orphanages away from their parents." (Any bad guys come to mind?) And then the prayer gets pretty ugly pretty fast. "Herod is riding across our land again. Lord help us. Lord, it is Christmas and Herod is searching for and destroying our children, pillaging their houses, corrupting their minds, killing and imprisoning the sons, orphaning the daughters, widowing the mothers. Herod's soldiers are everywhere, in government, on Wall Street, in the church house, schoolhouse, and moviehouse. Lead us and our children to safety."

It is pretty clear that if, say, a researcher questions the long-range benefits of Head Start, or contests other measures advocated by the Children's Defense Fund, that person is not an interlocutor or an opponent. That person is Herod. Unless it happened when I was out of the country, however, I am not aware of any recent wholesale slaughtering of American infants on the point of soldier's swords. I don't know of any houses that were pillaged recently. CNN didn't report the movement of an army into America's towns and villages, grabbing children and destroying them.

I understand. This is just more metaphor. Or, I will surely be told, it is "prophetic." But the great prophets thundered at the defection from godliness of their own people, calling the Children of Israel back to faithfulness. Edelman's enemies—all those Herods—are politicians and businessmen and businesswomen and journalists and entertainers and churchgoers among her own people who are insufficiently ardent in supporting her cause or who have the audacity to disagree with her. Recall, from Matthew 2, that Herod, King of Judea, aiming to kill the Christ-child, got into a "furious rage, and he sent and killed all the male children in Bethlehem and in all that region who were two years old or under, according to the time which he had ascertained from the wise men." The passage evokes pity and terror as we are reminded of the words of the prophet Jeremiah invoking the lamentations of "Rachel weeping for her children." To draw this powerful passage, these searing words, into a dispute over public policy is unseemly, or worse.

Why should we rail against the Christian right when it trafficks in this sort of thing and not be similarly disturbed when the Christian left does it? There is an answer to that question, and it lies in America's problematic history of post-millenarianism. That mentality, religious or secular, sacred or profane, pushes its adherents toward earthly perfectionism of the sort that pretty much requires the demonization of one's opponents: they are not only wrong, they are godless. Secular post-millenarians embraced their own version of salvific history. Salvation was to be found in the political realm. This is, in part, the story of the social gospel. Its

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call is to translate the biblical message into action, to use the Bible as a kind of handbook for social transformation. But this creates a dilemma. The Bible is open to many interpretations. People have their favorite books and passages and doctrines and meanings. And that is why we should be wary of its invocation for highly specific political purposes and programs. I am unmoved, for this reason, by the Children's Sabbath kits distributed by the Children's Defense Fund. Calls to welcome children into the human community? Yes. But Jesus's injunction to "suffer the little children to come unto me"? I don't see that those words are a transparent call for federally funded day care with elaborate regulations and stipulations that only trained experts can be trusted with our children.

Clinton is more measured in dealing with her opponents, but there is still a tendency to absorb particular political positions into general judgments of righteousness or wickedness. I agree with much of her description of the troubles facing America's children. Indeed, a good bit of her dismal data could have been taken directly from "Marriage in America: A Report to the Nation," issued by the Council on Families in America (a group that I co-chair with David Poponoe of Rutgers University). What serious observer can gainsay the loss of America's children, in numbers that are large and getting larger, to "violence and neglect," to alcohol and drug abuse, to the breakup of families and the spread of fatherlessness? Much of what Clinton has to say on premature sexuality, adolescent childbearing, drugs and firearms in schools, the divorce epidemic, could have been said—in fact it has been said—by people on the other side of the political spectrum, including William Bennett and the much-maligned Dan Quayle. ("Spiritual emptiness," which appears on her list of assaults on children, is a harder one to get a handle on, especially for government, but government is the major player in Clinton's village, and so it has to take on spiritual emptiness, too.)

Clinton rightly asserts that parents bear "the first and primary responsibility for their sons and daughters." But her list of what parents do, the ways in which they are responsible, is curious. Parents "feed them, ... sing them to sleep, ... teach them to ride a bike, ... encourage their talents, ... help them develop spiritual lives ... make countless daily decisions that determine whom they have the potential to become." Why doesn't this initial list of parenting tasks include disciplining, setting limits, even punishing? To be fair, Clinton later describes her preferred mode of parenting as "authoritative" by contrast to "authoritarian" or "permissive." And she insists, rightly, that adult authority, as it was once exercised in those villages that are no more, gave children "a structure to our lives and a target to rebel against. We knew what the rules were, even if we sometimes broke them."

Who would argue? Well, many of our fellow citizen-parents would. What Clinton calls "authoritarian" they see as decisive and decent, even biblically enjoined. Should they simply be "encouraged" to see things differently? Or does the village, in the person of police, lawyers, child welfare offices and advocates step in to do something, and under what circumstances? About this, Clinton is unclear. Her ambition is nothing less than a "consensus of values and a common vision of what we can do today, individually and collectively, to build strong families and communities"; but the truth is that we will not arrive at a consensus, not least because we are a pluralistic people.

Pluralism is a characteristic of American life that Clinton celebrates elsewhere in her book, when she extols sensitivity training, when the differences at issue are the stock litany of race, ethnicity and gender orientation rather than the diversity of political commitments or child-rearing modes. In the matter of child-rearing, pluralism goes by the board. The differences are not all good. Thus,

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there are parents who talk all the time and parents who are taciturn, parents who admonish and encourage and parents who rebuke and even punish; and the full force of the village enters to "encourage" the taciturn and rebuking parents to mend their ways.

But we are left in the dark as to when intervention is or is not acceptable; what is "neglect" and what is merely another way of doing things. No one in his or her right mind countenances repeated acts of violence visited on the bodies of children. People who do that are criminals. But what about the frustrated parent who has exhausted other avenues of discipline and decides that a spanking is necessary? Do we call in the cops or the child service people?

In the actual village, meddling neighbors often entered the fray, calling others to account, suggesting alternative ways to handle conflict. Gossip and shaming—powerful weapons—played a part. My mother and some other Timnath women shamed a wife beater into submission by making his "private" actions very public. He repented and mended his ways. It helped that a bunch of nosy, meddling women, who lived minutes away, were on his case. But that's different from calling in officials from three or five or ten local or state bureaus to investigate, to issue findings, to litigate, to do all the things that such people do.

Beyond the obvious and egregious cases, moreover, allegations of child abuse are a tricky business. Dorothy Rabinowitz's whistle-blowing journalism in *The Wall Street Journal*, detailing the outrages—all perfectly legal—perpetrated by overzealous prosecutors and advocates against American citizens, parents and day care workers was a shot across the bow. But Clinton doesn't seem to fret about this. How, then, would she prevent a rush to judgment and forestall the hysteria and the vigilantism that often accompany high-profile cases? She is prepared to call in the police, to prosecute all involved, to enjoin "protective workers" to decide whether a child should "be removed," and for social workers and courts to make decisions "terminating parental rights . . . . "

But the evidence of the past few years teaches us that haste in these matters is dangerous. It is all too often the children who have come under the umbrella of protective services of one sort or another who wind up hospitalized or dead. It is terrible when parents are irresponsible or violent, but to segue from that mordant recognition to the insistence that "the village itself must act in place of parents" and "accepts those responsibilities in all our names through the authority we vest in government. . . . They intervene in families to protect children in our behalf," is wrong. You don't have to be a conservative to worry about a powerful combination of policing, expert takeover and therapeutic intrusion. Who protects children from their protectors in such circumstances? The question becomes more pressing when Clinton calls for a veritable army of "qualified citizens" to get involved in the process of terminating parental rights with greater dispatch than we now do "whenever physical or sexual abuse is involved."

I am not a family-above-all person. Some families are rotten and the children in those families should be spirited to safety as quickly as possible. But truly rotten families are, thank God, few and far between. More commonly we have good enough families or almost good enough ones. How high do we place the threshold in assessing good and bad parenting? Whose business is it, anyway? Here Clinton makes one of the more lamentable moves in her book. She is dead-on about the importance of being attuned to the needs of infants, feeding them, cuddling them, holding them, but in a discussion of the fact that there is no "substitute for regular, undivided attention from parents" we learn that the "biggest difference" that emerged from a study she cites and endorses, was "in the sheer amount of talking that occurred" in various households.

It is no surprise that Clinton favors the chattering classes, but she proceeds to malign poor and working-class parents because they interact less with their children. It turns out, says Clinton, that "on average, the parents with the most income and education tended to speak more affirmatively, conveying frequent and explicit approval with statements like 'That's good,' 'That's right,' 'I love you.' Working-class parents generally praised their children, but less frequently, and they more often voiced statements of disapproval, such as 'That's bad,' 'You're wrong,' 'Stop,' 'Quit,' 'Shut up.' Poor parents praised their children even less often and criticized them more frequently." This is an unfortunate paragraph. Since the poor are ungarrulous parents, must government, or some agency somewhere, step in here, too? We don't quite find out, but given Clinton's virtually exhaustive list of what child advocates must advocate for, or against, working-class and poor parenting modes are definitely in her sights.

Like Clinton, I recoil when I hear a parent shout at a child. I, too, cringe when a parent is curt, abrupt and dismissive. But I recognize that this is not the same thing as neglect, not the same thing as abuse. Perhaps, as the late Christopher Lasch insisted, the working-class or lower-middle-class style aims to instill in children a tough, early recognition that life is not a bowl of cherries, not a world in which everyone is telling you how great you are; that their lives will be carried out in a world in which the tasks they are suited for, the jobs they do, the lives they live, and even the way they talk (or do not talk) will be scrutinized and found wanting by their "betters." I know that Clinton would argue, in response, that she means no invidious comparison. But the comparison is there and it is invidious. According to her book, the higher the income and education, the better the parenting, all other things being equal.

A child advocate's work is never done, and so the list of issues taken up by Clinton pretty much covers everything—early brain development, teenage sexuality, the media (with a few exceptions like "Sesame Street," they are irresponsible predators on the minds of the young, for Clinton, and Herod, remember, for Edelman), how they do things better in Denmark and France and other places north, south, east and west on a whole range of children's issues, how parents must "partner" with schools, why we must not balance the budget "on the backs of children," and so on. Again, many of the interventions seem appropriate and many of the concerns are real, but Clinton should take the trouble to flesh out the implications of her perspective. More important, she should bite the bullet and admit that she has parted company with much of the cultural left.

My hunch is that, in her heart of hearts, Clinton yearns for the village in which she grew up. Somewhere she must know that the big, shapeless, amorphous, infinitely extended "village" of her book is no village at all. The best bits of Clinton's book are her evocations of her own childhood. This is true of Edelman's book, and of her earlier book *The Measure of Success*. Edelman grew up in South Carolina, with a preacher father and a stay-at-home mother who was an extraordinary parent and a community benefactor. It was a world filled with authoritative and intrusive adults. Children were given tough responsibilities. A legacy of religious faith, of strength despite persecution, was imparted to them. "I cannot recreate the same small-town childhood of my past," she writes, but she can "try to live the same enduring God-given and life-giving values of faith, integrity, and service."

So far, so good. But there's a problem.

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Edelman's life as a lawyer, a Washington insider and a political player enables her, she proclaims, to do "exactly what my parents did—just on a different scale." This is an illusion. Scale makes all the difference. You cannot mother a country the way you mother your own children. To convince herself of the romantic continuity of her own life, Edelman must downgrade the special, ongoing responsibility that parents have to their concrete, particular children. Indeed, she decries our unfortunate tendency to "distinguish between our own and other peoples' children." But how can any human being not do precisely that? We would be monsters if we made no such distinction, if our children simply oozed into some purée called "the child."

Surely we cannot care about "children" in the way we care about our own offspring, our own nieces and nephews, our own grandchildren. And they would rightly feel cheated and bereft if we tried to care about them in that way, for we owe them more. It does not follow, of course, that we want other children to suffer or to lack the fair fruits of a decent society. But we cannot possibly blur all the lines and generate a generic, all-purpose "love" for all children everywhere. Indeed, we cannot even recognize our more diffuse and less direct responsibilities to "children" unless we understand what it means to be responsible to the particular children who have been entrusted to our care.

Clinton knows this, but the point gets lost in a blizzard of programs and initiatives and injunctions and exhortations. She rounds up the usual suspects for criticism, to wit, "family values" types who "protest loudly against welfare, gay rights, and other perceived threats" but are "uncharacteristically silent about divorce." I don't know who these people are. Tune in to "The 700 Club" any night of the week, if you can bear the permanent rictus on Pat Robertson's face, and you will note that divorce is on the docket for censure on a regular basis—together, to be sure, with welfare and gay rights. So it isn't true that Clinton's conservative counterparts have been silent on divorce. More interestingly, she argues—and again, she would get no disagreement from the other side of the aisle—that "every society requires a critical mass of families that fit the traditional ideal, both to meet the needs of most children and to serve as a model for other adults who are raising children in difficult settings. We are at risk of losing that critical mass in America today."

She is right. But then the question is, to paraphrase Sean Connery in *The Untouchables*, "What are you prepared to do?" If Clinton wants to make this stick, she is going to have to ruffle a few feathers in her own camp. The runaway rights crowd must be tamed if this normatively preferable "critical mass" is to be sustained. (In the matter of "children's rights," of course, Clinton was an early and influential enthusiast.) Her friends in Hollywood need a kick in the seat of their collective pants. She trounces the media but she names nobody, and we know from every reputable study on political attitudes in Tinseltown that the folks in the dreamworks business are overwhelmingly liberal, in one way or another. She laments alcohol and drug abuse among pregnant women. But should courts mandate treatment for pregnant addicts? Much of America's problem with low birth-weight babies, often born with multiple health problems requiring costly care, could be eliminated if teenagers no longer got pregnant and if pregnant teenagers no longer took drugs. Do we take the children away? Clinton urges more "prenatal advice." Surely that is not the problem when one is confronted with a pregnant, crack-addicted 15-year-old.

So again, what is Clinton prepared to do? She cites, with approval, the coercive benefit (disincentive is a nicer way to put it) in Austria and France, where they "tie a mother's eligibility for monetary benefits to her obtaining regular medical checkups." If someone advocated that in the United States, however, they would be candidates for Edelman's Herod-list. And Clinton presents as a model for what can be accomplished by early intervention a project undertaken by the University of North Carolina in the early 1970s. Called the Abecedarian Project, the researchers "gathered together a group of more than a hundred newborns, most of them African-Americans." Most of the parents, we are told, hadn't graduated high school and their average I.Q. was 85. (Given Clinton's trouncing of the I.Q. emphasis elsewhere in the book, this is a bit perplexing.) For the purpose of the research protocol, children were "gathered" at the "age of four months." Half of the children were "placed in a preschool with a very high ratio of adult staff to children." The adults did "precisely what responsible parents do when they communicate with their young sons and daughters." The upshot? I.Q.s zoomed an average seventeen points higher than in the unfortunate control group, 101 versus 84.

But wait a minute. At four months, children aren't "gathered" for preschool; they are placed in a crèche. Were they taken away from their parents? Were their

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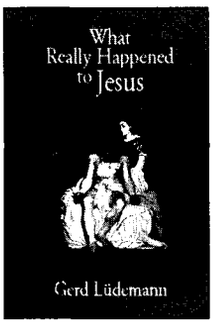

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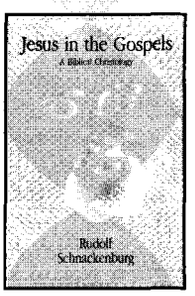

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parents involved? How do you "gather" 100 infants? Has this study been replicated? Why, or why not? How are we, as a society, supposed to "gather together" newborns, feed them a diet of superior interactions and do this across the board? It is hard to evaluate what this might mean, because we don't know anything about program cost. (The researcher, a psychologist, was operating on a grant from the National Institute for Mental Health.) None of these matters are taken up by Clinton. Instead we are instructed to "bear this research in mind when you listen to those who argue that our nation cannot afford to implement comprehensive early education programs for disadvantaged children and their families."

By now we are pretty far removed from the village, including the village that Clinton vividly evokes in her own memories. She tells a story about her freight-train-hopping father, and concludes that "a boy doing any of that today would be called 'delinquent.'" Ironic, that. Who would rush to call him such? Advocates of another era, that's who. I think about this sometimes, since my own grandparents, peasants of German stock from Russia, spent their early years in America doing stoop labor in the sugar beet fields of northern Colorado. So did my mother and my aunts Mary and Martha. I have a faded photo of two bowed adults, heavily clad to shield them from hot midday Colorado sun, and three little overdressed girls, crawling up the sugar beet rows behind them, thinning beets by hand. One of those faded children was my mother. Parents who enlisted their children in such work today would be called child abusers. Without that work, however, my grandparents would have lost their chance to go from sharecroppers to farm owners, a chance that my mother helped to secure by quitting school after the eighth grade to help save the bit of land they then owned. If she hadn't left her school desk for the beet rows, I might not be writing this review. (Hillary may think that a pretty good bargain!)

Don't get me wrong. As a general rule, children shouldn't have to labor all day in the Colorado sun. And no group of children should be stuck in such a situation as a permanent condition. But life is hard, and its necessities bear down on people. In the light of such recognitions, it is best at times to restrain ourselves and not rush to intervene and fix everything and tell people struggling against tremendous odds that they are doing a crummy job. Sometimes Clinton understands this, sometimes she doesn't.

The further Clinton moves from the concrete textures and names and places and faces of her childhood, the thinner her book becomes. Sadly, she feels compelled even to undercut her evocations of her own childhood by warning darkly against those with a false yearning for a return to the "values of the 1950s." They are, she says, "nostalgia merchants." She concedes that this nostalgia for the world of the 1950s harks back to "feelings of togetherness," but the truth is starker: yesterday's world was a better world for children than today's world, with its hurried, harried, sometimes long-distance parenthood. Clinton is correct in insisting that quantity time, not quality time, is the issue. But quantity time is precisely what a child cannot get in the global village.

Nor can the home solve all our social and political problems. Clinton gets it wrong going in and coming out. Thus, in a discussion of racial conflict, she claims that "as always, the solution begins at home." No, the solution begins and ends in politics. Even children who hail from homes where people from other races or religions are ridiculed or despised can learn, as adults, how to live with and among such others in relative decency.

Clinton understands that the home may not succeed in teaching tolerance, but her fallback seems to be sensitivity training. She describes with approval teachers and staffs "undergoing" such training. She does not note that such sessions these days are mostly not voluntary: it isn't just a matter of "exposing them" to diversity, but of subjecting them to diversity "specialists," outside consultants or in-house busybodies, who hammer home in a manner that usurps politics and replaces it with pop-psychology and improvised therapeutic models of human life. People are forced to be sensitive by professional trainers and workshop-meisters and re-educators who have a stake in keeping us divided—their jobs depend on it—along racial, ethnic and gender lines. God forbid that ordinary people might actually find a way to work together around shared concerns and cross the lines that divide them without the help of these experts.

The habit of working together builds trust. You don't have to love people in order to form coalitions with them for better schools or safer streets. You don't even have to like them very much. That is why Clinton's concluding call for "Putting Children and Families First" by putting an "end to false debates between values and policies" falls flat. This is not a false debate. It is a very real one, in which everybody cannot be right; and it must go forward. Values lead to policies, different values lead to different policies. And there are very few Herods in the picture. There are, rather, tens of thousands of citizens, in and out of public life, struggling to hold together the remnants of communities, often against great odds; sorting out whether the national debt is the worst threat to our children or whether it is better to incur more debt by promoting new programs. This is a universe of trade-offs; of half-measures; of debate without end. This debate, moreover, is not half-bad as a common ground, all its acrimony notwithstanding—this debate, and our shared love of liberty, our shared commitment to constitutional democracy, our shared dreams of fairness and justice.

Those of us who have departed our villages and taken up residence in more complicated places should, in an unblinkered way, face the fact that we are not doing exactly what our parents and grandparents did. Some things were lost; some things we gave up. This hit me with great force when, with my husband and children, I drove out of my grandmother's yard about twenty years ago. She was by then utterly bowed over—the years of stoop labor had taken their toll—but she came out to the car for a last goodbye, thrusting into my arms more homemade noodles, another loaf of rye bread, freshly gathered eggs, a new apron, another remarkable quilt. What would I hand to my own grandchildren, I wondered, as they lingered in the yard with their own families? Will I give them offprints of articles? Copies of my latest books? I suppose I will. But I will not comfort myself with the notion that this is the same as rye bread and quilts. It isn't. I made a choice. That is sometimes called growing up.

Clinton concludes her book—a book, remember, in which children are called upon to be "our" teachers—by claiming that "children are citizens too." No, they really are not. A home is not a polity, and a polity is not a home. Citizenship is something that we are obliged to teach our children, we who have responsibility for the world that we will pass on to them. And this world of citizenship is not just about "helping people" or "caring," it is also about power and conflict and disagreement, about hard-won and often provisional commonalities. That is not a lesson children teach us.

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN is the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Professor of Social and Political Ethics at the University of Chicago and author of *Democracy on Trial* (Basic Books).

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Always Through

BY STANISLAW BARANCZAK

On Grief and Reason: Essays by Joseph Brodsky

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 484 pp., $24)

Today is January 29, 1996, and a cold shiver runs down my spine as I read a paragraph in "Letter to Horace," one of Joseph Brodsky's most recent essays:

> You were almost fifty-seven, I believe, when you died in 8 B.C., though you weren't aware of either C. Himself or a new millennium coming. As for myself, I am fifty-four now; my own millennium, too, has only a few years to run. Whatever new order of things the future has in store, I anticipate none of it either. So we may talk, I suppose, man to man, Horace.

It is painful to realize that what sounds like a typically Brodskyan flourish, whimsical and playful, might reflect a somber premonition. Joseph Brodsky died yesterday—his life shorter than Horace's, enclosed forever within the century which now only his art is going to outlive. His long history of heart trouble, mentioned in passing or alluded to in many of his poems and his essays, had more than once put him on the brink of death; yet in his work the danger was portrayed as a grotesquely inconvenient fact of life rather than a reason for self-pity. He used to warn others of the inner perils of victimhood, and self-pity, whatever its reasons, was the last emotion that he would have allowed himself to feel. In the poem called "May 24, 1980," he wrote:

> [I have] Granted my lungs all sounds
> except the howl . . .
>
> . . . until brown clay has been crammed
> down my larynx,
> only gratitude will be gushing from it.

In this respect, "Letter to Horace" is no exception. When its author was still alive, this essay would be read as an exercise in paradox. It is based, after all, on the doubly ironic premise of addressing, first, a fellow poet whom it is impossible to address anyway, for the rather obvious reason that he has been dead for a couple of millennia, and second, a fellow poet whom the author considers, half-jokingly but also half-seriously, his own earlier incarnation. What is the use of writing if your reader does not respond? And what is the use of writing if your reader is but another version of yourself? For Brodsky, these questions about the solipsism that may attend the poet's individualistic and "aristocratic" stance are anything but the fuel for rhetorical fireworks. Quite the contrary. They broach the matter of poetry's life or death, of poetry that is itself a matter of life and death.

In his poem "The Fifth Anniversary"—it was written in 1977 and the title refers to the date of his emigration—Brodsky reduces, self-deprecatingly, the "loss" caused by his exile to "the hole I've made" in the native landscape, and he predicts that it soon will be covered with moss and lichen. The loss that we have suffered today, in the winter of 1996, the one caused by his infinitely less reversible departure, has made a hole in the world that will be hard to hide and impossible to fill. Impossible, because Brodsky's place and position in the cultural landscape was one of a kind. There can be no doubt about that in the mind of the reader of *On Grief and Reason*, the last book that Brodsky was able to see published and his second collection of essays in English since the appearance of *Less Than One* ten years ago. (In the intervening years he also published *Watermark*, a book-length essay on Venice.) The new book is not his best book, but it speaks volumes about Brodsky's uniqueness. And more: it challenges our long-established notion of it.

Ten years ago, when *Less Than One* was published, what was most incomparable—insolently for some, estimably for others—in Brodsky the English-language writer was his English; his feat of self-making, his autodidactic transformation. It took this young Russian poet, one heavily dependent on the resources of his native speech and with a defined style of his own, less than a decade to become a citizen of another culture and another language. As he himself, in his typically understated and offhand manner, recalled in his great essay on Auden, "in the summer of 1977, in New York, after living in this country for five years, I purchased in a small typewriter shop on Sixth Avenue a portable 'Lettera 22' and set out to write [essays, translations, occasionally a poem] in English . . ."

Now, in *On Grief and Reason*, the same sort of toughness that led the outcast in Russia to become the poet-laureate in America manifests itself more generally:

Flourish

O if the birds sang while the clouds felt bored by singing,
and the eye gaining blue as it traced their trill,
could make out the keys in the door, and beyond, a ceiling,
and those whose address at present begins with nil.

And other than that, it's just shifting of chairs and sofas,
and flowers on walls and in vases obstruct their view.
And if there was ever a bee sans beehive or solace
with extra spores on its paws, it's you.

O if the transparent things in their blue garret
could hold their eye-dodging matter in second gear
to curdle themselves one day into a tear or star at
this end of the universe. Afterwards, everywhere.

Yet oxygen seems to be just the raw material
for lace strung out on spokes in the tzars' own yard,
and the statues freeze as though they smell a serial
Decembrist, beheaded later and breathing hard.

Translated from the Russian by the author

JOSEPH BRODSKY

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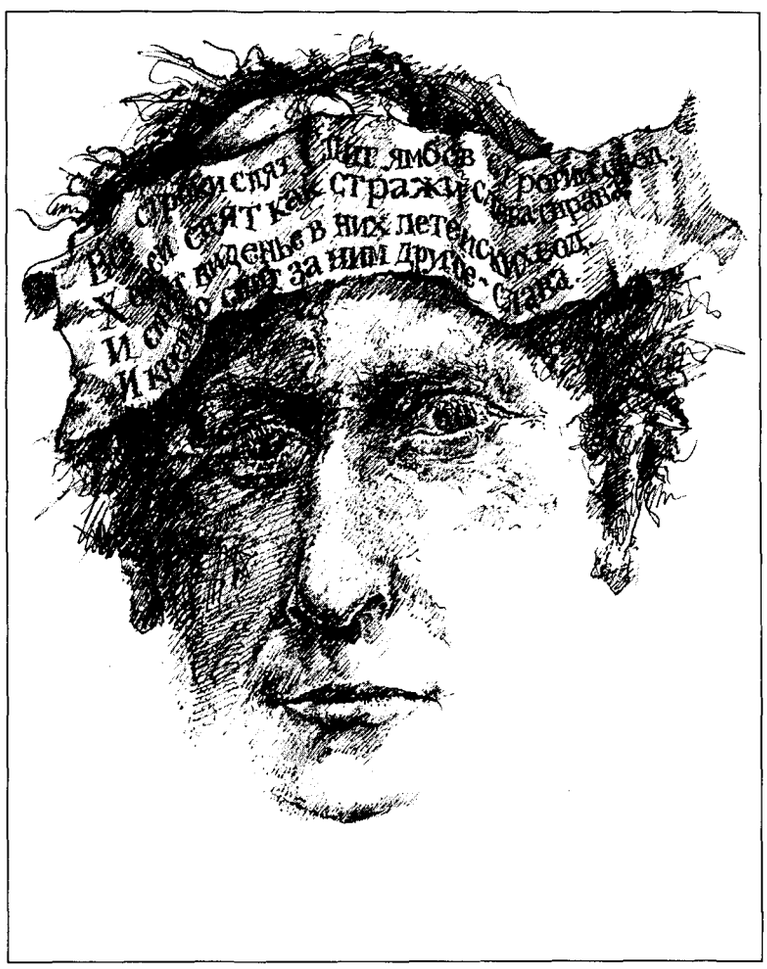
the enormous expense of effort needed to become bilingual reveals itself as just an instance of Brodsky's overall way of taking any risk that, in his eyes, was necessary to say what he had to say. He was fond of quoting Frost's adage, from "A Servant to Servants": "the best way out is always through." From his vision of poetry's tasks to his compassion for human suffering, everything that Brodsky's mind produced bore the indelible mark of a life lived through, not beside or around, its unprecedentedly difficult time.

Again, *On Grief and Reason* is not a better book than *Less Than One.* Some of the essays seem too spontaneous, a little superficial; and some seem like the result of a commission and sound, as a result, somewhat forced, or at least wanting in the inner urgency that marks the best of Brodsky's essays. Thematically, moreover, one thing is quite palpably missing, or at least underrepresented: Brodsky's Russian dimension, which, in *Less Than One,* allowed him to match so felicitously an extensive and deep analysis of a Tsvetayeva poem with an analogous piece on Auden's "September 1, 1939." This time it looks as if he deliberately gave up the chance to enlighten the Western audience on the subject of the great Russian poets. Unfortunately, pale replicas of some of the earlier essays do find their way into *On Grief and Reason* in other areas. The mosaic-like, disjointed and detailed reminiscences in "In Memory of Stephen Spender" are no match for the earlier "To Please a Shadow," Brodsky's essay on Auden, a poet of greater stature than Spender and a man for whom Brodsky had an unbounded love. And there are too many commencement addresses or other occasional speeches.

But all is not lost. The opening essay, "Spoils of War," is as fresh and funny as it is precise and probing in its recreation of the encounters of the youth of war-torn Leningrad with American culture, which was accessible to them, before movies and records entered the cultural black market, in the shape of canned corned beef. This is Brodsky the memoirist at his very best. The same thing can be said about his new exercises in the art of *explication du texte.* A few long essays—"On Grief and Reason," "Wooing the Inanimate," "Ninety Years Later"—make up roughly one-third of the book. They are devoted to a meticulous, word-by-word, even syllable-by-syllable, dissection of poems by Frost, Hardy and Rilke. And finally there are two really extraordinary essays, "Homage to Marcus Aurelius" and "Letter to Horace": the attempts at reviving admired figures of the classical past, undertaken as if to prove that any attempt at reviving what they stood for is nearly impossible today:

> *Ave,* Caesar. How do you feel now, among barbarians? For we are barbarians to you, if only because we speak neither Greek nor Latin. We are also afraid of death far more than you ever were, and our herd instinct is stronger than the one for self-preservation. Sound familiar? Maybe it's our numbers, Caesar, or maybe it's the number of our goods. We feel sure that by dying we stand to lose far more than you ever had, empire or no empire. To you, if I remember correctly, birth was an entrance, death an exit, life a little island in the ocean of particles. To us, you see, it's all a bit more melodramatic. What spooks us, I guess, is that an entrance is always guarded, whereas an exit isn't.



JOSEPH BRODSKY BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

It comes as no surprise that when a lyrical poet—and Brodsky was first and foremost a lyrical poet—turns to the writing of essays, he excels in precisely these three kinds of essays: reminiscences, homages and close readings of poems—the prose equivalents of the elegy, the hymn of praise and the ars poetica. The nostalgic explorations of one's own past, the admiration for human greatness, and the interest in what makes a great poem a great poem—these seem always to have been the stuff that poetry is made of.

So what is the commencement address doing in this context? Its kind of message seems to have nothing in common with lyricism. Instead of the lyric poem's individual point of view, this sort of speech is supposed to offer the young a portion of the adult world's universally shared wisdom; instead of poetry's natural rebelliousness, it is expected to soothe and to uplift in its insistence that the nine-to-five reality they are about to enter has meaning and significance; instead of expressive, it should be persuasive; instead of being stylistically idiosyncratic and making the act of elocution itself a focus of the audience's attention, it should be based on the sort of use of language that facilitates, more than anything else, smooth communication.

Didacticism, in a word; but this is the last thing we would expect from Brodsky, not merely a lyrical poet par excellence, but also a poet with an immeasurable contempt for the didacticism that he had himself experienced in the culture of Socialist Realism, in the orbit of which—or, to be precise, just outside the orbit of which, since he stepped out of it by the very act of writing his first poem—he spent his formative years. We would expect a poet who, at the age of 32, emerged from behind the Iron Curtain to be inexorably marked (if he is a fake poet) with the didactic rhetorics of Soviet-style culture even in his attempt at

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escaping its influence, or (if he is a genuine poet) a pure aesthete who abhors didacticism to the point of forgetting that poetry is a part of the human world, with all its conflicts, in which poetry, too, must take sides.

Brodsky's uniqueness was this: he was didactic because he was an aesthete. He was so pure an aesthete that he had to teach and preach. He believed so fervently in "the power of taste" (to borrow an expression from Zbigniew Herbert) as the only genuine and reliable measure of things—especially in today's world, which desperately needs such a measure—that he could not refuse the role of the public educator extolling the virtues of poetry, which was defined by him as "the ethics of language." This was something more than reviving the classic ideal of *kalokagathia*, the Greek notion of the union of Beauty and Goodness, or the Keatsian principle that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." Neither Plato nor Keats could have imagined the magnitude and the intensity of the kitsch that is the unmistakable outward sign of the organized inhumanity of the twentieth century.

Show me a Leni Riefenstahl film of the Olympics or a Mikhail Sholokhov novel about the idyllic life on a *kolkhoz* and I'll show you the Auschwitzes and the Kolymas looming behind them—that is what Brodsky's ethical aestheticism seems to propose as its negative or critical premise. Its positive, laudatory premise, however, was for him infinitely more significant. He did not waste his time analyzing Socialist Realist architecture or Nazi propaganda; he preferred to explain how a great poem is made and how it works—how it tells us, like the archaic torso of Apollo in Rilke's poem, "You must change your life." This has been poetry's ancient task, since Horace or Ovid; but what makes it our lifeblood now, at this point of historical time, is the fact that we have the twentieth century with its gas chambers and its killing fields behind us—or, to be more exact, still around us and still inside us, in newspaper headlines and in the recesses of our hearts:

> Since there is not much on which to rest our hopes for a better world, and since everything seems to fail one way or another, we must somehow maintain that literature is the only form of moral insurance that a society has; that it is the permanent antidote to the dog-eat-dog principle; that it provides the best argument against any sort of bulldozer-type mass solution—if only because human diversity is literature's lock and stock, as well as its *raison d'etre*. . . . [W]e must insist that literature is the greatest—surely greater than any creed—teacher of human subtlety, and that by interfering with literature's natural existence, and with people's ability to learn literature's lessons, a society reduces its own potential, slows down the pace of its evolution, ultimately, perhaps, puts its own fabric in peril.

Brodsky was willing, as a result of such statements, to risk being called an optimist, a utopian, a *schoengeist*. From his Stockholm pulpit, in the Nobel lecture called "Uncommon Visage," or from his desk at the Library of Congress, in the essay called "An Immodest Proposal" (both pieces appeared originally in these pages), he advocated, quite seriously and without any tongue in any cheek, practical measures such as the public testing of political leaders' familiarity with great literature or the creation of a state-sponsored mass production and distribution of cheap anthologies of the classics of American poetry (so that a copy would find its place in the bedtable drawer of every motel in the country). It was easy to dismiss these ideas as daydreams. Every now and then, a polemicist rose, like Christopher Reeve in *The Remains of the Day*, to crush Brodsky with the ultimate argument: "You are a naïve amateur—these people are professionals!" But what was so naïve or amateurish in demanding that our would-be leaders prove that they are able to grasp the concept of human diversity, or in maintaining that a nation can only benefit from everyday access to the best examples of personal expression achieved in the national language?

If such ideas are utopian, they are so only in the sense of their air of outlandishness. In no way can Brodsky be called a utopian thinker. He lacked the three cardinal beliefs of the utopian: that the commonweal must always be put above the aspirations of the individual; that an end of history is likely; that human nature will attain a state of perfection.

He was, it is true, more optimistic than most of us about poetry's salutory potential; but then he was more entitled than most of us to hold such a belief, since he was absolutely sure, on the strength of his own irrefutable experience, that poetry can save a human soul. And his faith in "the power of taste" was always qualified by his awareness that even poetry cannot be counted on to solve all the world's problems. In one of his last essays, he quotes Adorno's old question, "How can one write poetry after Auschwitz?", and the response given to it by Mark Strand, "How can one eat lunch?" Strand hit the mark; and Brodsky, in numerous essays, gives a more detailed response, the essence of which can be summed up in a joint quotation from two other great poets of this century, and Brodsky's personal favorites, Auden and Milosz. True, "poetry makes nothing happen," but then what is poetry worth if it does not at least try to "save nations or people"?

Even if there are things that poetry cannot do, why not use it for what it can do? In Brodsky's case, this was not an academic question, it was a question of life and death. For this poet suspected of optimism was, in fact, one of the most consistent pessimists of our time. On the subject of human nature, he was always grim. He never believed in its inherent goodness. "Dear old Jean Jacques"-type wishful thinking was laid to rest, for Brodsky, beneath the ashes of the victims

Love Song

If you were drowning, I'd come to the rescue,
wrap you in my blanket and pour hot tea.
If I were a sheriff, I'd arrest you
and keep you in the cell under lock and key.

If you were a bird, I'd cut a record
and listen all night long to your high-pitched trill.
If I were a sergeant, you'd be my recruit,
and boy I can assure you you'd love the drill.

If you were Chinese, I'd learn the language,
burn a lot of incense, wear funny clothes.
If you were a mirror, I'd storm the Ladies,
give you my red lipstick and puff your nose.

If you loved volcanoes, I'd be lava
relentlessly erupting from my hidden source.
And if you were my wife, I'd be your lover
because the church is firmly against divorce.

JOSEPH BRODSKY

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of our century's evil. Evil, of course, was nothing new in human history; it had its millions of victims before our time. But it was the madness of our time that finally opened our eyes to the fact that evil has its seat in virtually every human soul. "The human negative potential": the phrase tolls ominously again and again in Brodsky's essays.

It is highly doubtful, for Brodsky, that this "negative potential" could be eradicated. Religions and ideologies have so far failed to do so. But it was precisely for this reason, he thought, that we must do what we can to curb its influence and to weaken its power. Since civilization as we know it hovers already on the brink of disaster, these tasks have to be embraced by poetry as soon as humanly possible. The sense of urgency that informs Brodsky's work is the consequence of this conviction. The resulting fierceness of tone may make a reader feel too pressured to accept or to condemn what the writer wants him to accept or to condemn. Readers sometimes complain of Brodsky's arrogance, his impertinence, his rudeness.

"He's a wonderful poet, but he's so arrogant!", exclaimed a young American woman whom I met after my own settling in the United States in 1981. (I had learned that she was taking a course offered by Brodsky at Mount Holyoke and I had asked how my idol was doing.) "Would you believe it: he makes us learn poems by heart, and if someone's not up to it, he throws them out of class!" Yes, Brodsky was arrogant—if by arrogance we mean the combination of an intense awareness of what needs be done in the particular section of reality in which he is an unquestioned expert with an equally intense impatience with those who, for various reasons, prove unable to understand the urgency of what needs be done.

And yet this unmatched arrogance was just the roiling surface over the depths of Brodsky's unmatched humility. His irreverent, stubborn, occasionally overconfident way of putting things always turned out, on closer inspection, to be the obverse of a pure reverence, a pure awe, before the mystery of the greatness of art, wherever it attempts to make us aware of what it can still do to assuage our human predicament. It is in recognizing and honoring this mystery that Brodsky's essays dive to the depths and ascend to the heights of his greatest poems.

He cherished especially these lines by Hardy, in a poem called "Afterwards":

> If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at the door,
> Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
> Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no more,
> "He was one who had an eye for such mysteries"?

It is afterwards now and yes, the thought does rise. Joseph Brodsky had an eye for such mysteries. He had the guts to tell humankind in the twentieth century that it will not survive without poetry. There is his epitaph.

STANISLAW BARANCZAK is a longtime translator of Joseph Brodsky's poetry and prose into Polish.

Anti-anti-anti

BY NATHAN GLAZER

Not Without Honor: The History of American Anticommunism by Richard Gid Powers

(The Free Press, 554 pp., $30)

One of the most interesting passages in this massive and scholarly history of American anticommunism comes seventy-four pages after its conclusion, and after its extensive notes. At the head of his lengthy bibliography, Richard Gid Powers writes: "Writing this book radically altered my view of American anticommunism. I began with the idea that anticommunism displayed America at its worst, but I came to see in anticommunism America at its best." It is this shift in perspective—one can see it emerging as the book veers away in the post-McCarthy period from its somewhat conventional and hardly controversial narrative—that is perhaps the signal distinction of *Not Without Honor.*

One would like to know more about Powers's conversion, for the history of American anticommunism (like the history of American Communism) is marked by many conversions and many reconversions. Opinions about the character of the threat posed by the Soviet Union and the American Communist Party and its hangers-on were often altered by events or by epiphanies. Facts that had been denied or pushed aside for decades would suddenly acquire force and meaning. In no time at all one might be transformed from an earnest believer in the peaceful intentions of the Soviet Union (or some other Communist power) into a ferocious critic certain of its evil. Or the other way around.

Another surprising passage, in this book that has few surprising passages, suggests the answer: "During those bleakest days of American anticommunism [Powers is referring to the 1960s, when anticommunists could be portrayed in the mass media, in such films as *Seven Days in May* and *Dr. Strangelove*, as fascists and madmen], there was, however, the first faint stirring of new life, of rebirth, a sign of vigor at odds with the uncertainty and pessimism that pervaded the tired veterans of the old cause. One man summoned the will, the strength and the imagination to commence the giant task of rebuilding the anticommunist coalition. This was Norman Podhoretz. . . ."

This is a passage to make one prick up one's ears. Something interesting *must* have happened to Powers as he studied the subject of his book.

Powers is the author of *Secrecy and Power: The Life of J. Edgar Hoover* (1987), which certainly gave him a head start on the history of anticommunism. Hoover was there at the beginning, in 1919, when, after a wave of murderous bombings, he was put in charge of a new "Radical Division" of the Department of Justice by Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. These were the days of the notorious postwar "Red Scare." The young Hoover (he was 24!) undertook the mass deportation of purported radical enemy aliens—Bolsheviks among them, to be sure, but also including, in those early days when distinctions were not so sharply drawn, anarchists and socialists. (It was very likely the anarchists who were responsible for the bombings of leading federal officials, including Palmer, and other targets.) Hoover was central to the history of American anticommunism until his death in 1972, an amazingly long career. Presumably it was his standpoint as Hoover's biographer, as well as the conventional views of liberal academics in the 1970s and 1980s, that led Powers to consider anticommunism, when he began work on this book, as "America at its worst."

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Almost from the beginning, however, and the beginning goes back to 1917, anticommunism in America came in different forms, in diverse strands. One was indeed what Powers labels "countersubversive anticommunism": this was the anticommunism of the internal security agencies and the congressional committees, reaching rightwards to include patriotic civic groups, nativist groups, conspiracy theorists from the sober to the wild, con men, anti-Semites and others. (One of the leading fantasists of Communist conspiracy was Nesta Webster, who traced the conspiracy back to the "Illuminati" of 1776, and whose writings have been taken up by Pat Robertson.) This was enough to give anticommunism a bad name. In truth, there was a conspiracy to oppose, in Moscow and in the headquarters of the American Communist Party. The issue that divided countersubversive anticommunists from other anticommunists was the question of its scale and its significance, as well as the question of whether opposition to conspiracy was the strongest ground on which to combat communism.

Another important strand of anticommunism emerged from the experience of the Soviet repression of radical and leftist groups, and from American Communist efforts to control and to destroy such groups in the United States. This experience created one of the best-informed, longest-lasting and most committed groups of anticommunists—I am referring to socialists and trade union leaders—and their representative journal was *The New Leader*. Over time, the size and the authority of this group was increased by successive waves of defectors from the Communist Party, Lovestoneites and Trotskyites and others, who also knew Communism well. Some leading former Communists and anticommunist Socialists found homes in the trade union movement, which was to become the most steadfast bastion of American anticommunism. (The distinction between these two major strands, of course, was not absolute, and some of the ex-Communists eventually became "countersubversive anticommunists.")

Yet perhaps the central strand in American anticommunism was the expression of what might be called enlightened American national interest. For Powers, this was best expressed in the main tenets of liberal internationalism, as defined by Woodrow Wilson in 1918 in response to Lenin's call for international revolution. Over the next seventy years, with different emphases under different presidencies, this opposition to Soviet Russia, composed of a mix of ideology and geopolitics, was to remain the guiding star of American foreign policy. For Powers, this foreign policy was moral and worthy.

Other elements in American life that might have been expected to take a large place in American anticommunism play no role in Powers's book. Thus we hear nothing about the role of the business community. "Capitalism" does not appear here in opposition to Communism. Powers is right to ignore the business community. In philosophy, of course, capitalism was opposed to Communism, but on the various battlegrounds on which Communism was confronted, from Bolshevik Russia's initial withdrawal from World War I through the lengthy history of the cold war, one does not find a distinctive business interest that could be called anticommunist. Business was flexible. American capitalists could support both the recognition of Soviet Russia and the expansion of the American armed forces to oppose Soviet Russia, for basically the same reason. They could support American anticommunist foreign policy when it defended private investment in developing countries, and oppose it when it hampered investment in pipelines to tap Soviet gas, or when it banned trade in advanced computers with Communist states.

"Anticommunism," for Powers, does not refer to everyone or everything that was against Communism in the United States during these seventy years. He limits himself to those people and groups that defined themselves primarily as anticommunist, and for whom anticommunism provided a significant element of identity. Individual businessmen fall into this category, such as Alfred Kohlberg, the founder and backer of the anticommunist China Lobby, but business interests as a whole do not.

Left-wing and trade union anticommunism, liberal international anticommunism, countersubversive anticommunism: these were all based, in varying degrees, on experience with Communists and Communism. Popular anticommunism was a different matter, and Powers is not completely satisfactory in describing its roots. There did come a time when the average American acquired some direct experience with Communism, in Korea and Vietnam. Long before those conflicts, however, there was a profound hostility to Communism in all its forms among the American working class, and in the lower and upper middle classes.

The source of this repugnance, and its strength, is somewhat puzzling. One source for this spontaneous anticommunism among the American working classes can be found in the general fail-

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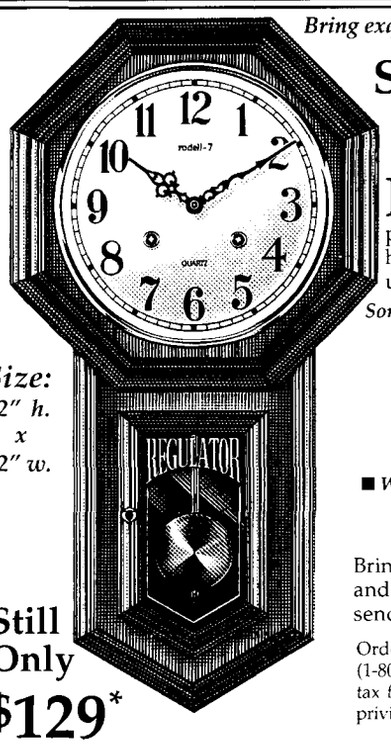

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ure of socialism in the United States to appeal to them; but this weakness of socialism in America only pushes the mystery of this American exceptionalism one step back. Another explanation is to be found in the role of Catholicism among American workers and the lower middle class; the Church was effective, ideologically and practically, in organizing its opposition to Communism, which suppressed religion everywhere. A third source for popular anticommunism was provided by the immigrant nature of American society. Communism offended the national origins of many Americans. Soviet Russia was to become, like czarist Russia, the prison-house of nations, and this was enough to turn large sections of the American working class and middle class with roots in Central and Eastern Europe against it.

Some have explained this popular American anticommunism, so much more widespread and intense than what we find in other advanced industrial countries, as a construction of the mass media, but Powers considers mass media treatments of Communism and anticommunism more an expression of American popular attitudes than a shaper of them. More interestingly, he rejects an explanation that liberal American social scientists have found congenial, which locates the roots of American popular anticommunism in the psychological processes of an authoritarian personality structure, or in the fears of a loss of social status. This theory derives originally from the Frankfurt School's studies of the rise of Nazism and modern anti-Semitism. It found its classic expression in Theodor Adorno's *Authoritarian Personality*, which appeared in 1950. Adorno and his colleagues formulated the theory about the middle classes; but American social scientists, such as Seymour Martin Lipset, thought it fit the American working class well. In the days of the McCarthy furor, this psychological explanation was taken up by Daniel Bell, Richard Hofstadter, David Riesman, and others, including myself, to explain McCarthyism.

Powers has no truck with such an account. He thinks that it explained the phenomenon away, or distracted attention from it: "Once liberal intellectuals, liberal anticommunists included, had dismissed the public's ideas about communism as an illusion, they could stop trying to understand them. . . . Had they based their ideas about anticommunism on historical evidence rather than off-the-shelf social science, they would have discovered that the public's anticommunism was, as much as the liberals', based on real knowledge of what communism was. . . ." I find this attribution of "real knowledge of what communism was" to the American public somewhat questionable; but I am no longer convinced that "status deprivation" or some other social-psychological phenomenon explains much.

The important point, I think, is that, however weak their experience with or their knowledge of Communism was, ordinary Americans knew enough, and here I would agree with Powers: "Conservatives [and, I would add, ordinary Americans] saw communism as an attack on popular values: religion, patriotism, and local civic society." The philosophical, political and cultural differences between Communism and the American way of life were always fundamental. For this reason, American popular anticommunism was inevitable. Liberal Americans opposed Communism, too, but they saw it somewhat differently, as an "assault on the key values they held most dear: intellectual and academic freedom, freedom of artistic expression, and the constitutional guarantees of due process, limited government, and the freedom of the individual."

The two variants of anticommunism had to come into conflict. The clash reached a climax with McCarthyism, which was, according to Powers, an unmitigated disaster for the cause of anticommunism. "After McCarthy, many liberals came to reject . . . all conservative popular forms of anticommunism as a threat to freedom." Conservative leaders were equally chary: "President Eisenhower . . . and other national leaders would discourage Americans from expressing their anticommunism, for fear of reawakening McCarthyism. . . . Deprived of the compass of a constantly reexamined and reinvigorated anticommunism, American foreign policy was at risk of losing its way in a world that was increasingly complex, in which communism's assault on freedom was still a fundamental fact of life around the globe." In Powers's account, even John Kennedy was not an anticommunist, despite his militant foreign policy: "Anticommunism had become so disreputable by the early sixties that President John F. Kennedy could define his new administration as a break with the past by crusading against it at home (calling it 'extremism') and by rejecting it as a guide for foreign policy (calling it 'moralism'). . . . The extremism hysteria of the early sixties made public discussion of communism seem too inflammatory to be tolerated, and analysis of moral issues seem a sign of weakness in an administration where only toughness and rationality were admired."

I think that Powers exaggerates the disrepute into which anticommunism had fallen among Americans generally; and yet it is true that the term "anticommunist" became one which one did not happily apply to oneself, if one lived in the academic or intellectual world. (It was better to be an "antianticommunist," a term which does not appear in the book.) Anticommunists were hard put to justify themselves in a time when indignant volumes denouncing the persecution of Communists (or those so charged) poured from the presses. I recall my own discomfort when I was asked to review Lillian Hellman's *Scoundrel Time* and, later, Ellen Schrecker's *No Ivory Towers: McCarthyism and the Universities*. Communists and their supporters, and sometimes noncommunists too, had indeed suffered, but Communism and Communists disappeared from these accounts, which concentrated instead on Communist-hunters and anticommunists. It was not easy to separate dissimulation from truth in this revisionist literature; and it was not easy to explain, in a time when Communists in America were few and without influence, why Communism and Communist influence was important at an earlier time.

I had not been a defender of McCarthy and the congressional investigating committees. (Very few leftist or liberal anticommunists were defenders of McCarthy.) But I knew who was a Communist, and who, Communist or not, supported Communist states in their suppression of freedom and their ambition to destroy democratic groups and nations and forces. Should such knowledge have been suppressed, because others would turn it into an opportunity for unnecessary persecution? We anticommunists published what we knew as a contribution to the understanding of public affairs, and in the defense of a democratic society; but others made use of such knowledge to hound people out of jobs in which their views and their affiliations posed no dangers.

It was not unimportant, in the 1950s, that there did exist Communists, Communist influence, Communist spies, and their supporters and defenders in this country. And yet, as Powers writes, the straightforward, unfreighted use of the term "anticommunist" was, by the 1960s, no longer possible. This muddied the waters of public discussion, and made it easier for those who defended reprehensible regimes to claim a noble public voice. This dilemma, indeed, was not really resolved until the collapse of Communism itself, and with the support given to anticommunism—indeed, to American anticommunism—by such men as Andrei Sakharov and Vaclav Havel.

So did Norman Podhoretz play the role that Powers attributes to him? He was not

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alone, according to Powers, in the rehabilitation, and the eventual triumph, of anticommunism. One other major actor was the Committee on the Present Danger, created by Paul Nitze, Eugene Rostow, James Schlesinger and others. Another was Ronald Reagan, the first and perhaps the only president whose identity included, in a significant way, anticommunism. ("I am proud to say that I am still an anticommunist," said Reagan the day he left the White House. It is hard to imagine any other president making this his farewell remark.)

It does not detract from the achievement of neoconservative anticommunism to suggest that the most popular president in recent American history had rather more to do with the revival of anticommunism in America in the 1980s. Powers's admirations sometimes get the better of his analysis. In Powers's discussion of the last decade, I detect not only a less scholarly, less neutral tone, but also a subtle shift in the meaning that he gives to anticommunism. Anticommunism becomes, in his treatment of it, almost identical with the support of a militant foreign policy and the buildup of America's armed forces, particularly its nuclear forces. To be sure, there is little reason, in the discussion of this last phase of anticommunism, to write about domestic Communism and its influence, since this was so sharply reduced by the 1980s as to be almost invisible. And yet it is odd to have matters such as nuclear strategy become the touchstone of anticommunism. Even Grenada is pulled into the argument as an example of a good and vigorous anticommunist policy.

In an otherwise meticulous book, there suddenly appear assertions about the decline of American power, owing to the eclipse of anticommunism, that seem questionable. "The Soviets' [nuclear] arsenal," writes Powers, "had surpassed the Americans' in 1976." His source for this is *The New York Times*, September 26, 1993. He writes further: "According to analysts trusted by anticommunists, the Soviet Navy was dominant in the North Atlantic and the Pacific. . . ." in the late 1970s. His source for this is Paul Johnson's *Modern Times*. And one reads with some perplexity this illustration of the weakness of American anticommunism: "In June 1980 Vietnamese Communist forces crossed the border into Cambodia." Weren't they chasing the even more despicable Communist forces of Pol Pot?

In Powers's narrative, anticommunism becomes equated, during the presidency of Ronald Reagan, with support for the Strategic Defense Initiative, opposition to arms control and support for the arms buildup. One key piece of evidence of the softening of the Catholic commitment to anticommunism presented by Powers is the Catholic Bishops' pastoral letter on nuclear weapons, denouncing the strategy of atomic deterrence, calling on the United States to adopt a no first-strike policy, and declaring that the use of such weapons can never be moral. While Powers eschews any suggestion that opposition to these policies had anything to do with support of Communism, I wonder why support of these policies become for him the standard for anticommunism. After all, President Kennedy also supported an arms build-up, and he is presented as no anticommunist. This easy equation of anticommunism with a hawkish nuclear policy overlooks the reality that these monstrous weapons really did raise the possibility of the destruction of humanity, which was not in the interests of Communism or anticommunism. The striking fact about Reagan's anticommunist presidency is that in time he, too, recognized this danger, and responded positively—to the alarm of his advisers, and of Norman Podhoretz—to Gorbachev's proposals for strategic arms limitations.

The concluding sections of Powers's book notwithstanding, its title is persuasive. Anticommunism, in many of its exemplars and variants, was indeed "not without honor." I cannot disagree. I was an anticommunist, and I believe that this was an honorable role. The Soviet Union *was* an evil empire, though its character was not uniform throughout its existence, and other Communist states ranged from paragons of evil to the barely tolerable. Perhaps anticommunists did not make sufficient distinctions among periods and countries. Perhaps they did not make sufficient distinctions as to what kind of dangers domestic Communists (and their supporters and dupes) represented. Anticommunists disagreed about these matters, and about other matters, such as the proper attitude to Communist teachers and to those who exposed them. There were troubling decisions that had to be taken on whether to speak or to keep silent, and there were not many easy answers.

In the end the great structure of Communism came crashing down. It survives today in only three nations. Did Reagan's policies and American anticommunism bring it down? There are no controlled experiments in world history, and we will each make our own judgments as to how significant Reagan's commitment to military spending and the phantasmagorical Star Wars was in bringing the Soviet Union down. There were other factors—the disaffection of the Soviet satellites and the incorporated nations of the Soviet empire—that clearly were very important.

About the latter days of anticommunism, there are still some significant matters in dispute, and staying firm in opposition to Communism, whatever that means today, will not solve them. But anticommunism is now, for the most part, a matter of history, and the historical truth matters. We must get the story straight. In this respect, it is regrettable that textbooks of American history, as I learned some years ago from my own research, and as Powers reports, "routinely hold up Joseph McCarthy to symbolize the full meaning and meanness of all American anticommunism." Communism as an issue has disappeared in these books; only anticommunism remains as a problem. Powers's book can help to remedy this mistake, and many others. He has made a major contribution.

NATHAN GLAZER is the author, among other books, of *The Social Bases of American Communism* (Harcourt Brace).

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TUZLA DIARIST

Road trip

IN GRUNT-HACK JARGON, IT WAS D+40, eighteen hundred Zulu time, and we were driving up road Arizona. But for me it was simply a Monday, forty days after the Dayton agreement, 7 p.m. local time, and we were heading north from Tuzla. Somewhere around there my fellow traveler, Samantha Power, law student and TNR contributor, decided to teach the American soldiers in the vehicle ahead of us a driving lesson. "C'mon, dummy, turn your headlights on!" she shouted and started blinking her lights at the tank coming in the other direction. It was not a wise move. The tank was bigger and stronger than our Volkswagen, and it sported a machine gun on its roof. It also had friends—several other, equally solid tanks behind the one Samantha had decided to berate. Furthermore, this tank was an IFOR tank. Back in the days of UNPROFOR, who would have thought twice about poking fun at an ill-mannered vehicle? But given the new NATO rules of engagement ("can shoot if perceives danger") and the fact that force protection is priority number one for U.S. forces in Bosnia, a car daring to blink at a tank could be taken for a mujahedin vehicle waging a jihad on GIs. We were lucky to get away unpunished.

DARKNESS AND FOG DESCENDED, and they spared us the haunting sight of the Posavina corridor, a narrow passage between the two regions of the Republika Srpska that the Serbs have thoroughly cleansed. As we crossed the pontoon bridge in Zupanja, we caught a glimpse of a proudly fluttering stars-and-stripes. We were feeling good. Remember, a few weeks ago this was a front line. But our high spirits were momentarily shaken when out of the dense fog emerged an overzealous Croat cop. Trying to impress us with Croatia's European-ness, he demanded an insurance certificate for the car before admitting us into his country. Then he asked Samantha to blink her headlights at him as a test, and simply let us go.

THAT THE ROAD TO TUZLA POSES no greater threat to foreign reporters than the occasional auto-safety obsessed policeman would appear to be a sign of how smoothly the military aspects of the Dayton agreement are being implemented. The road, after all, was only recently opened, and part of it runs right through the separation zone delineated at Dayton. The four-hour drive from Sarajevo to the Croat border took us through six former front lines, and we received nothing but friendly waves from the assorted ex-thugs who once patrolled them. But then again, they were always more polite to foreign journalists than to local civilians. And the locals still seemed cautious. During the trip's first three hours, we met exactly four cars. Our drive also took us through one French and three American checkpoints. I asked the GIs—in jest—whether they had seen Radovan Karadžić or Ratko Mladić go by. They answered—dead seriously—that they had no idea what those guys looked like. So I figure that even if they tripped over the two indicted war criminals they probably wouldn't arrest them. Does Judge Goldstone know this?

THE ROADSIDE SCENERY WAS GRIM even by Bosnian standards. Dozens, no, hundreds of electricity and telephone poles stood idle like faded scallions. There was something pathetic in the wisps of their wires, withered dolefully. They reminded me of the poles I had seen in Mogadishu in 1992, except that the Somali wisps were clipped much shorter because the wire was considered precious. Even worse were the houses, or what was left of them. This was not ethnic cleansing but ethnic *flattening*. What must once have been two-story houses were reduced to mere piles of bricks, no higher than two or three feet, with the occasional whiteness of a broken fridge, washing machine, gas stove or toilet bowl betraying a household that was no more.

FRIDGES AND WASHING MACHINES are going for record-low prices in Grbavica, the Serb quarter of Sarajevo that I visited several times during this stay. Between D+45 and D+90—February 3 and March 19—the neighborhoods of Grbavica, Ilidža, Ilijas and several other sections of town are to be transferred from Serb to Bosnian hands. Since most Serbs in Grbavica do not want to live under a Bosnian administration, they are now fleeing. The result is a marketplace bonanza of durable goods left behind. The Serbs take with them anything they cannot sell (toilet bowls, window frames); sometimes they even dig up and take their dead. The most puzzling items left behind and littering the ground in Grbavica were records, old-fashioned vinyl discs. My first thought was that phonographs had become obsolete, or that needles could no longer be found for them. But no, as Djordje Blogojević, a uniformed, bearded Serb I met in the street later explained to me over slivovitz, real Serbs are discarding their records because they refuse to listen to Turkish music. "Turkish music?" Yes. Didn't I know that all those rock groups supposedly from Sarajevo were in fact Turkish bands? "So what do Serbs listen to?" "To real Serb music." My host pointed to a sofa where an AK-47 lay nestled among no fewer than three (looted? bought?) vacuum cleaners. "We can recognize real Serbs by the music they listen to, and should we find some who listen to the wrong music...," he trailed off. In Serb music, as in Serb politics, mavericks are not appreciated.

I MET ONE SUCH MAVERICK SERB in Grbavica: a stunning blond woman, heavily made up, by the name of Nela. Hearing that I was going to Grbavica, Salih, a Muslim social worker from the Bosnian side of Sarajevo, had asked me to find her and convey his regards. (That day Salih had working gas and telephone, intermittent water and no electricity; on this side of the Brotherhood and Unity Bridge, in Grbavica, Nela had electricity but no water, gas or telephone. Two variations of modern stone-age households.) Nela was a maverick not because she listened to rock, but because both her first and second husbands were Muslims. People in Grbavica knew it, and she was ostracized by departing "real Serbs," who, she feared, might burn down her house. To ward off such an attack, she had started dating a Serb soldier, Vlado. But speaking with me, she seemed scared of Vlado, too. And she was afraid of going to see her husband, her son and her friends who all stayed on the Bosnian side, because she suspected that they knew about Vlado (they did).

MANY TIMES BEFORE, SHUTTLING between the Serb and Bosnian sides of Sarajevo, I had felt like I was moving between a madhouse and a convalescent ward. But these options seemed luxurious compared to those facing Nela: to be hounded here or to be hounded there.

ANNA HUSARSKA

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Teaching in the Global Classroom

Madeline Reich, working with students from a Japanese middle school, found many similarities between Japanese and American children.

Teachers Exchange Fosters Understanding

When visiting American teacher Judy Diashyn walked into a Japanese classroom for the first time to teach a class, she wasn't quite sure what to expect. But then, the children turned to look at her, and all she saw was a sea of smiling faces. "I felt as if I were back home in America," recalls Diashyn, who teaches history at Mercy High School in Burlingame, California. "This was my classroom, and these were my students."

Diashyn was a participant in the annual U.S./Japan Teachers Exchange Program sponsored by Hitachi. Now in its eighth year, the exchange aims to promote mutual understanding, cultural awareness, and friendship between U.S. and Japanese citizens.

Since 1987, 60 teachers have participated in the program. For up to three weeks, participants teach in local schools, see the sights, and live with local residents.

"There is no better way to dispel misconceptions that Japanese and Americans have about each other than to spend time in each others' country," says Koichi Ueno, president of Hitachi America, Ltd. "We are glad to make this possible for Japanese and American teachers, and through them, their students."

Diashyn agrees. "My visit was the opportunity of a lifetime," she says. "It enabled me to personalize my teaching, to make Japan come alive for my students in a way that was not possible when my knowledge of Japan came only through textbooks."

A day-long visit by a group of Japanese teachers made a strong impact on students at the Winfield L. Morse School in North Tarrytown, N.Y. During the visit, the guests showed the students a video tape of a Japanese school. The next day, when Robert Cavaliero, the school's principal, entered a third grade classroom, the students stood, bowed, and greeted him in unison just as they had seen Japanese students greet their teachers in the video. "The kids were so impressed by the respect that Japanese children show for their teachers that they felt moved to do the same," he says.

For Madeline Reich, an English literature teacher at the New York School for the Deaf, the biggest surprise of the visit was not the differences between East and West but the similarities, particularly among children. For example, she observed that Japanese hearing impaired children prefer sign language just like their American counterparts even though Japanese schools emphasize oral communication. "As soon as the teachers turned their backs, the kids were signing away furiously," she recalls, adding, "It seems kids are the same all over."

Judy Diasyhn visited Japan as part of the Teachers Exchange

Hitachi is proud to sponsor the Teachers Exchange Program. We believe it is making a significant contribution to greater friendship and understanding between our countries.

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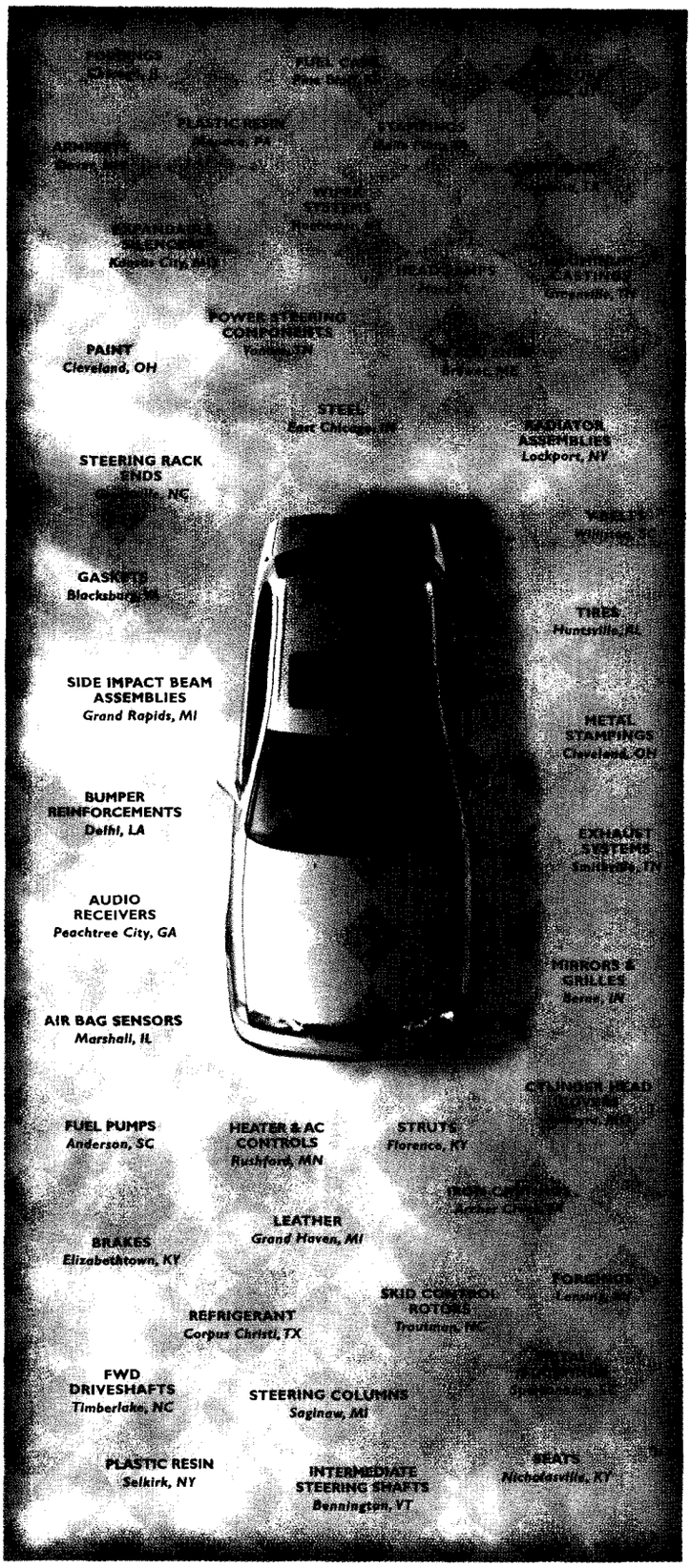

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